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## Original Papers.

### ANCIENT MONUMENTS

In the Islands of Lake Nicaragua, Central America.  
Communicated to the American Ethnological Society, by the Hon. E. G. SQUIER.  
(CONTINUED.)

It was nearly sunset when we arrived at Manuel's islands; for though Manuel went with us as a guide, at the rate of three reals per day, he had, nevertheless, a house in town, not to mention a couple of islands, upon one of which was his country-seat, and upon the other his plantain walk and fruitery. His country-seat consisted of a cane hut; but he proudly pointed out to us a heap of new tiles and a pile of poles, and said he meant one day to have a *placéo* on Santa Rosa, for so he called his islands. I did not envy him his prospective palace, but Santa Rosa was a gem. Its outer shore, fronting the turbulent lake, was lined with immense rocks, within which was a barrier of large trees, drooped over with vines, and completely sheltering Manuel's hut from the winds and storms of the lake. Upon the inner side was a little crescent-shaped harbor, in which our bongo was lazily rocking to and fro. A couple of tall cocoa trees, a cluster of sugar-cane, and a few broad-leaved plants at the water's edge, gave a tropical aspect to the islet, which looked to me, in the subdued half-light of the evening, as a very paradise for a recluse.

He proposed to stay here for the night, as the wind was now too violent to permit us to venture outside of the islands; besides, our improvident men had got to lay in their supply of plantains—the staff of life to the inhabitants of Central America. A little boat was accordingly dispatched to a neighboring island, for these indispensable articles, while the remainder of the crew made supper for themselves. A single kettle, their machetes and fingers were their only service, but it was an effective one, and they made themselves as merry as if there was nothing in the wide world left to wish for. For ourselves, a cup of coffee and a cut of cold chicken sufficed.

The moon was nearly at her full, and the transition from day to night was so gradual as hardly to be perceived. Rosy clouds hung long in the west, changing slowly to deep purple and grey; but when the dominion of the moon came on, they lighted up again with a silver radiance. A mass, like a half transpa-

rent robe, rolled itself around the summit of the volcano; the verdure of the island looked dense and massive upon one side, while the other was light, and relieved by glancing trunks and branches. Deep shadows fell on water, with singular strips of silver between, and except the chafing of the lake upon the outer shores, and the prolonged howl of the howling monkey, there was not a sound to disturb the silence. It is true our men talked long, but it was in a low tone, as if they feared to disturb the quiet of nature. They finally stretched themselves on their benches, and my companions wrapped themselves in their blankets and composed themselves for the night. I did so also, but I could not sleep; it was not the holy calm of the scene—the remembrance of dear friends, or those dearer than friends—it was no sentimental reverie, no oppression of official cares, that kept me awake, but the *fleas* from Manuel's Santa Rosa! They seemed to swarm in my clothing. I waited in vain for them to get their fill and be quiet, but they were insatiable, and almost maddened me. I got out upon the pineta, and then under the virgin moon, carefully removed every article of my apparel, and lashed and beat it angrily over the sides, in the hope of shaking off the vipers. The irritation which they had caused was unendurable, and, overcoming all dread of alligators and fever, I got over the side, and cooled myself in the water. I did not get beneath the chopá again, but wrapped my blankets around me, and coiled myself on the quarter-deck.

I was awakened by the clattering of oars, and found Juan, with his flaming, fluttering shirt, standing over me at the rudder. It was not much past midnight, but as the wind had abated a little, our patron seized upon the opportunity to run down to Zapatero. He had no notion, in which I agreed with him, of attempting the trip with a light boat, in the midst of the fierce northerly which prevail at this season of the year. I had been a little nervous about the business from the start, for I had spent one night upon this lake which I am not likely to forget,—and had exacted a promise from the men to load in stones, by way of ballast, from the islands. They made a show of compliance, and next morning I succeeded in finding some twenty-five or thirty small stones deposited near the first mast, weighing in all, perhaps, two hundred pounds!

A short spell at the oars, and we are outside of the island. A broad bay stretched dimly inwards towards the city of Nicaragua; and directly before us, at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, rose the high, irregular island of Zapatero; beyond which a stationary mass of silvery clouds showed the position of the majestic volcanic cones of the great island of Ometepe. The wind was still strong and the waves high, and the boat tumbled about with that unsteady motion so painful to landsmen. Amidst a great deal of confusion the sails were raised—sails large enough for an Indian, for the mariners of Lake Nicaragua consider that everything depends on the size of the canvas. The "Grenada" was schooner-rigged, and no sooner was she brought to the wind, than her sails filled, and

she literally bounded forward like a race-horse. She keeled over until her guards touched the water, precipitating the Dr., who insisted on remaining within the chopá, from one side to the other, amidst guns, books, blankets, pistols, bottles, and all the et ceteras of a semi-business, semi-pleasure excursion. But, as I have said, he was a philosopher, swore a little, rubbed his shins, and braced himself crosswise. M—— and myself remained outside, and hung tightly to the upper guards. The lull, if it can so be called, under which we had started, was only temporary. Before we had accomplished a tenth of the distance we had to go, the wind came on to blow with all of its original violence. The waters fairly boiled around us, and hissed and foamed beneath our stern. I cried to Juan, who was struggling at the rudder, to take in sail, for the canvas almost touched the water, and seemed fairly bursting with the strain, but he responded "too late," and braced himself with his shoulder against the tiller, holding with both hands on the guards. I expected every moment that we would go over,—but on, onward, we seemed fairly to fly. The outlines of Zapatero grew every moment more distinct, and little islands before undistinguished came into view. As we neared them the wind lulled again, and we breathed freer, as we dashed under the lee of the little island of Chancha, and threw out our anchor close to the shore. "Holy Mary," said Juan, as he wiped the sweat from his forehead, "the devils are out in the lake to-night!" We had made upwards of twenty miles in less than two hours. I have encountered storms upon our upper lakes, and the terrible thunder-gusts of the tropical Atlantic, when fire, and darkness, and deep waters combine to terrify the voyager, but they failed to excite the alarm which I felt that night on Lake Nicaragua.

I crept within the chopá where the Dr. was rubbing his bruises with brandy, and slept until aroused by the loud barking of dogs. The sun was up; we were close to a little patch of cleared land, upon one side of which, half-hidden among the trees, was a single hut. The owner, his wife, his children, and his dogs, were down on the shores, and all seemed equally curious to know the object of our sudden visit. Juan frightened them with an account of a terrible revolution, how he was flying from the dangers of the shore, and advised the islander to keep a sharp look-out for his safety. M—— however delivered the poor man from his rising fears, and ordered Juan to put on his shirt and pull across the channel to Zapatero. An inviting calm harbor was before us, but we were separated from it by a channel five hundred yards broad, through which the compressed wind forced the waters of the lake with the utmost violence. It seemed as if a great and angry river was rushing with irresistible fury past us. A high, rocky, projecting point of Zapatero, in part intercepted the current below us, against which the water dashed with a force like that of the ocean, throwing the spray many feet up its rocky sides. The men hesitated in starting, but finally braced themselves in their seats, and pulled into the stream. The first shock swept us resistlessly before it, but the men



pulled with all their force, under a volley of shouts from Juan, who threw up his arms and stamped on his little quarter-deck like a madman. It was his way of giving encouragement. The struggle was long and severe, and we were once so near the rocks that the recoiling spray fell on our heads; but we finally succeeded in reaching the little sheltered bay of which I have spoken, and, amidst the screams of the thousand waterfowl which we disturbed, glided into a snug little harbor, beneath a spreading tree, the bow of our boat resting on the sandy shore. "Here at last," cried M——, and bounded ashore. I seized a pistol and sword, and followed, and leaving the Dr. and the men to prepare coffee and breakfast, started in company with Manuel to see the "freyles." Manuel was armed with a double-barrelled gun, for this island has no inhabitants, and is proverbial for the number of its wild animals, which find a fit home in its lonely fastnesses. I carried a first-class Colt in one hand, and a short, heavy, two-edged Roman sword in the other, as well for defence as for cutting away the limbs, vines, and bushes which impede every step in a tropical forest. Manuel said it was but a few squares to the "freyles," but we walked on and on, through patches of forest and over narrow savannahs, covered with coarse, high, and tangled grass, until I got tired. Manuel looked puzzled; he did not seem to recognise the landmarks. When he was there before, it was in the midst of the dry season, and the withered grass and underbrush stripped of leaves, afforded no obstruction to the view. Still he kept on, but my enthusiasm, betwixt an empty stomach and a long walk, was fast giving place to violent wrath towards Manuel, when suddenly that worthy dropped his gun, and uttering a scream, leaped high in the air, and turning, dashed past me with the speed of an antelope. I cocked my pistol, raised my sword, and stood on my guard, expecting that nothing less than a tiger would confront me. But I was spared the excitement of an adventure, and nothing making its appearance, I turned to look for Manuel. He was rolling in the grass like one possessed, and rubbing his feet and bare legs with a most rueful expression of face. He had trodden on a bees' nest, and as he had taken off his breeches, to avoid soiling them, before starting, I "improved" the occasion to lecture him on the impropriety of such practices on the part of a Christian, a householder, and the father of a family. I was astonished, I said, that he, a gentleman past the middle age of life, the owner of two islands, should make such a heathen of himself as to go without his breeches. And as I have heard the special interposition of Providence urged on no more important occasions than this at home, I felt authorized in assuring him that it was clearly a signal mark of divine displeasure. Manuel appeared to be much edified, and as I was better protected than himself, he prevailed upon me to recover his gun, whereupon, taking another path, we pushed ahead.

(To be continued.)

### Advance Passages from New Books.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S new romance, "The Scarlet Letter," an announcement which those who can value the pure and delicate in literature will know how to appreciate, will be published this week by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. From the sheets in our possession we select a sketch of character. It occurs in an autobiographical chapter which prefaces the

main story, giving an account of the writer's career in the public service of the Salem Custom House.

#### A CUSTOM-HOUSE INSPECTOR.

The father of the Custom House—the patriarch, not only of this little squad of officials, but, I am bold to say, of the respectable body of tide-waiters all over the United States—was a certain permanent Inspector. He might truly be termed a legitimate son of the revenue system, dyed in the wool, or rather, born in the purple; since his sire, a Revolutionary colonel, and formerly collector of the port, had created an office for him, and appointed him to fill it, at a period of the early ages which few living men can now remember. This Inspector, when I first knew him, was a man of fourscore years, or thereabouts, and certainly one of the most wonderful specimens of winter-green that you would be likely to discover in a lifetime's search. With his florid cheek, his compact figure, smartly arrayed in a bright-buttoned blue coat, his brisk and vigorous step, and his hale and hearty aspect, altogether, he seemed—not young, indeed—but a kind of new contrivance of Mother Nature in the shape of man, whom age and infirmity had no business to touch. His voice and laugh, which perpetually echoed through the Custom House, had nothing of the tremulous quaver and cackle of an old man's utterance; they came strutting out of his lungs like the crow of a cock, or the blast of a clarion. Looking at him merely as an animal,—and there was very little else to look at, he was a most satisfactory object, from the thorough healthfulness and wholesomeness of his system, and his capacity, at that extreme age, to enjoy all, or nearly all, the delights which he had ever aimed at, or conceived of. The careless security of his life in the Custom-House, on a regular income, and with but slight and infrequent apprehensions of removal, had no doubt contributed to make time pass lightly over him. The original and more potent causes, however, lay in the rare perfection of his animal nature, the moderate proportion of intellect, and the very trifling admixture of moral and spiritual ingredients; these latter qualities, indeed, being in barely enough measure to keep the old gentleman from walking on all-fours. He possessed no power of thought, no depth of feeling, no troublesome sensibilities; nothing, in short, but a few common-place instincts which, aided by the cheerful temper that grew inevitably out of his physical well-being, did duty very respectably, and to general acceptance, in lieu of a heart. He had been the husband of three wives, all long since dead; the father of twenty children, most of whom, at every age of childhood or maturity, had likewise returned to dust. Here, one would suppose, might have been sorrow enough to imbue the sunniest disposition through and through with a sable tinge. Not so with our old Inspector! One brief sigh sufficed to carry off the entire burden of these dismal reminiscences. The next moment he was as ready for sport as any unbreeched infant; far readier than the Collector's junior clerk, who, at nineteen years, was much the elder and graver man of the two.

I used to watch and study this patriarchal personage with, I think, livelier curiosity than any other form of humanity there presented to my notice. He was, in truth, a rare phenomenon; so perfect in one point of view; so shallow, so delusive, so impalpable, such an absolute nonentity in every other. My conclusion was that he had no soul, no heart, no

mind; nothing, as I have already said, but instincts; and yet, withal, so cunningly had the few materials of his character been put together, that there was no painful perception of deficiency, but, on my part, an entire contentment with what I found in him. It might be difficult—and it was so—to conceive how he should exist hereafter, so earthly and sensuous did he seem; but surely his existence here, admitting that it was to terminate with his last breath, had been not unkindly given; with no higher moral responsibilities than the beasts of the field, but with a larger scope of enjoyment than theirs, and with all their blessed immunity from the dreariness and dusiness of age.

One point, in which he had vastly the advantage over his four-footed brethren, was his ability to recollect the good dinners which it had made no small portion of the happiness of his life to eat. His gourmandism was a highly agreeable trait; and to hear him talk of roast-meat was as appetizing as a pickle or an oyster. As he possessed no higher attribute, and neither sacrificed nor vitiated any spiritual endowment by devoting all his energies and ingenuities to subserve the delight and profit of his maw, it always pleased and satisfied me to hear him expatiate on fish, poultry, and butcher's meat, and the most eligible methods of preparing them for the table. His reminiscences of good cheer, however ancient the date of the actual banquet, seemed to bring the savor of pig or turkey under one's very nostrils. There were flavors on his palate that had lingered there not less than sixty or seventy years, and were still apparently as fresh as that of the mutton-chop which he had just devoured for his breakfast. I have heard him smack his lips over dinners, every guest at which, except himself, had long been food for worms. It was marvellous to observe how the ghosts of bygone meals were continually rising up before him; not in anger or retribution, but as if grateful for his former appreciation, and seeking to reduplicate an endless series of enjoyment, at once shadowy and sensual. A tender-join of beef, a hind-quarter of veal, a spare-rib of pork, a particular chicken, or a remarkably praiseworthy turkey, which had perhaps adorned his board in the days of the elder Adams, would be remembered; while all the subsequent experience of our race, and all the events that brightened or darkened his individual career, had gone over him with as little permanent effect as the passing breeze. The chief tragic event of the old man's life, so far as I could judge, was his mishap with a certain goose, which lived and died some twenty or forty years ago; a goose of most promising figure, but which, at table, proved so inveterately tough that the carving-knife would make no impression on its carcass; and it could only be divided with an axe and handsaw.

But it is time to quit this sketch; on which, however, I should be glad to dwell at considerably more length, because, of all men whom I have ever known, this individual was fittest to be a Custom-House officer. Most persons, owing to causes which I may not have space to hint at, suffer moral detriment from this peculiar mode of life. The old Inspector was incapable of it, and, were he to continue in office to the end of time, would be just as good as he was then, and sit down to dinner with just as good an appetite.

And this I observe to the honor of poets; I never found them covetous or scrupulously base. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men.

Owen Feltham.



## REVIEWS.

## MR. MELVILLE'S WHITE JACKET.

*White Jacket*; or, *The World in a Man-of-War*. By Herman Melville. Harper & Brothers.

THE keen sense of outward life, mingled with the growing weight of reflection which cheers or burdens the inner man, observable in Mr. Melville's later volumes, keep us company in the present. It is this union of culture and experience, of thought and observation, the sharp breeze of the fore-castle alternating with the mellow stillness of the library, books and work imparting to each other mutual life, which distinguishes the narratives of the author of *Typee* from all other productions of their class. He is not a bookish sailor or a tar among books; each character is separate and perfect in its integrity, but he is all the better sailor for the duty and decision which books teach, all the better reader for the independence and sharpness of observation incidental to the objective life of the sea. It is very seldom that you can get at the latter from this point of view. Your men of choice literature and of educated fancy, your Sternes, Jean Pauls, Southey's, and Longfellow's, are not likely to acquire the practical experiences of the tar bucket. The sea of course attracts them with its materials for poetic illustration, but they copy from the descriptions of others. To have the fancy and the fact united is rare in any walk, almost unknown on the sea. Hence to Herman Melville, whose mind swarms with tender, poetic, or humorous fancies, the ship is a new world, now first conquered. No one has so occupied it. Sailors have been described and well described, as sailors, and there has been a deal of brilliant and justly admired nautical writing, from the quarter-deck; but the sailor as a man, seen with a genial philosophy and seen from the fore-castle, has been reserved for our author. The effect is novel and startling. It is a new dish *en maitre* brought upon our epicurean over-civilized tables. Is Jack to be recognised, you ask, with all this embroidery of reading and reflection about him and his tarry ways? Yes! for Jack is a man, and his ways, tarry as they are, point as indexes to the universal nature among all surely as any gilded duties or elegances on shore.

Mr. Melville is true to his title, the *world* in a man-of-war: there is no difficulty in finding it there; it may be concentrated in less space with fewer subjects. And it is a sound humanitarian lesson which he teaches, or rather that life teaches, which he records. There is no sentimentality, no effort to elevate the "people" or degrade the commodores; his characters are not thrust out of their ordinary positions or range of ideas; he does not sew any finery upon them, but they are all heroes nevertheless, interesting while they are on the stage, one and all, as genuine Shakespearean, that is human personages.

Open the book, this *White Jacket*, which is simply a clear reflecting mirror, in a quaintly-cased gold frame, of a twelve months' voyage in a United States frigate, of an "ordinary seaman," and see what company you are in.

Here is a fellow with the salt on him. Chaucer could not have seen him with brighter eyes:—

## MAD JACK.

"The man who was born in a gale! For in some time of tempest—off Cape Horn or Hatteras—*Mad Jack* must have entered the world—such things have been—not with a silver spoon, but

with a speaking-trumpet in his mouth; wrapped up in a caul, as in a main-sail—for a charmed life against shipwrecks he bears—and crying, *Luff! luff, you may!—steady!—port! World ho!—here I am!*

"Mad Jack is in his saddle on the sea. That is his home; he would not care much, if another Flood came and overflowed the dry land; for what would it do but float his good ship higher and higher, and carry his proud nation's flag round the globe, over the very capitals of all hostile states! Then would masts surmount spires; and all mankind, like the Chinese boatmen in Canton River, live in flotillas and fleets, and find their food in the sea.

"Mad Jack was expressly created and labelled for a tar. Five feet nine is his mark, in his socks; and not weighing over eleven stone before dinner. Like so many ship's shrouds, his muscles and tendons are all set true, trim, and taut; he is braced up fore and aft, like a ship on the wind. His broad chest is a bulk-head, that dams off the gale; and his nose is an aquiline, that divides it in two, like a keel. His loud, lusty lungs are two bellfries, full of all manner of chimes; but you only hear his deepest bray in the height of some tempest—like the great bell of St. Paul's, which only sounds when the King or the Devil is dead.

"Look at him there, where he stands on the poop—one foot on the rail, and one hand on a shroud—his head thrown back, and his trumpet like an elephant's trunk thrown up in the air. Is he going to shoot dead with sound, those fellows on the main-top-sail-yard?"

A quaint being with quaint associations,—when his guns are all thrown into the ocean a hundred years hence, he will seem still quainter,—is

## QUARTER-GUNNER QUOIN.

"Quoin, one of the quarter-gunners, had eyes like a ferret. Quoin was a little old man-of-war's man, hardly five feet high, with a complexion like a gun-shot wound after it is healed. He was indefatigable in attending to his duties; which consisted in taking care of one division of the guns, embracing ten of the aforesaid twenty-four-pounders. Ranged up against the ship's side at regular intervals, they resembled not a little a stud of sable chargers in their stalls. Among this iron stud little Quoin was continually running in and out, currying them down, now and then, with an old rag, or keeping the flies off with a brush. To Quoin, the honor and dignity of the United States of America seemed indissolubly linked with the keeping his guns unspotted and glossy. He himself was black as a chimney-sweep with continually tending them, and rubbing them down with black paint. He would sometimes get outside of the port-holes and peer into their muzzles, as a monkey into a bottle. Or, like a dentist, he seemed intent upon examining their teeth. Quite as often, he would be brushing out their touch-holes with a little wisp of oakum, like a Chinese barber in Canton, cleaning a patient's ear. Such was his solicitude, that it was a thousand pities he was not able to dwarf himself still more, so as to creep in at the touch-hole, and examining the whole interior of the tube, emerge at last from the muzzle. Quoin swore by his guns, and slept by their side. Woe betide the man whom he found leaning against them, or in any way soiling them. He seemed seized with the crazy fancy that his darling twenty-four-pounders were fragile, and might break, like glass retorts."

The Surgeon of the Fleet is a full-length portrait, and minutely described in his grim humors. His appearance was that of a ghoul:—

"He was a small, withered man, nearly, perhaps quite, sixty years of age. His chest was shallow, his shoulders bent, his pantaloons hung round his skeleton legs, and his face was singularly attenuated. In truth, the corporeal vitality of this man seemed, in a good degree, to have

died out of him. He walked abroad, a curious patch-work of life and death, with a wig, one glass eye, and a set of false teeth, while his voice was husky and thick; but his mind seemed undebilitated as in youth; it shone out of his remaining eye with basilisk brilliancy."

But we cannot stop at this great portrait-gallery of the man-of-war. They are all there, from the inhabitants of the main-top to the old men of the cock-pit. Truly is it a world, the frigate, with its thousand picked men, the contribution of every state of life, of every stage of civilization, of each profession, of all arts and callings, but—of one sex. And therein is a significant key to the peculiar position of the "Navy" in the affairs of the race. The man-of-war is divorced from civilization,—we will not repeat the stale phrase, from the progress of humanity,—but from humanity itself. *How* thus divorced, through all the windings and intricacies of the artificial system, *White Jacket* will show.

Herman Melville tests all his characters by their manhood. His book is thoroughly American and democratic. There is no patronage in his exhibition of a sailor, any more than in his portraits of captains and commodores. He gives all fair play in an impartial spirit. There is no railing, no scolding; he never loses his temper when he hits hardest. A quaint, satirical, yet genial humor is his grand destructive weapon. It would be a most dangerous one (for what is there which cannot be shaken with ridicule?), were it not for the poetic element by which it is elevated. Let our author treasure this as his choicest possession, for without it his humor would soon degenerate into a sneer, than which there is nothing sadder, more fatal. In regarding, too, the spirit of things, may he not fall into the error of undervaluing their forms, lest he get into a bewildering, barren, and void scepticism!

We have intimated Herman Melville is a poet, and such he is, though, perhaps, "lacking the accomplishment of verse." Let this old main-mast-man prove it:—

"The *main-mast-man* of the *Neversink* was a very aged seaman, who well deserved his comfortable berth. He had seen more than half a century of the most active service, and through all had proved himself a good and faithful man. He furnished one of the very rare examples of a sailor in a green old age; for, with most sailors, old age comes in youth, and Hardship and Vice carry them on an early bier to the grave.

"As in the evening of life, and at the close of day, old Abraham sat at the door of his tent, biding his time to die, so sits our old mast-man on the *coat of the mast*, glancing round him with patriarchal benignity. And that mild expression of his sets off very strangely a face that has been burned almost black by the torrid suns that shone fifty years ago—a face that is seamed with three sabre cuts. You would almost think this old mast-man had been blown out of Vesuvius, to look alone at his scarred, blackened forehead, chin, and cheeks. But gaze down into his eye, and though all the snows of Time have drifted higher and higher upon his brow, yet deep down in that eye you behold an infantile, sinless look, the same that answered the glance of this old man's mother when first she cried for the babe to be laid by her side. That look is the fadeless, ever infantile immortality within."

See, too, the forgetive Fallstaffian fancy in such passages as this, his noble Jack Chase's oburgations at a Yankee whaler:—

"Why, you limb of Nantucket! you train-oil man! you sea-tallow strainer! you bobber after carrion! do you pretend to vilify a man-of-war? Why, you lean rogue, you, a man-of-war is to whalemen, as a metropolis to shire-towns,



and sequestered hamlets. *Here's* the place for life and commotion; *here's* the place to be gentlemanly and jolly. And what did you know, you bumpkin! before you came on board this *Andrew Miller*? What knew you of gun-deck, or orlop, mustering round the capstan, beating to quarters, and piping to dinner? Did you ever roll to grog on board your greasy ballyhoo of blazes? Did you ever winter at Mahon? Did you ever "lash and carry"? Why, what are even a merchant-seaman's sorry yarns of voyages to China after tea-caddies, and voyages to the West Indies after sugar punchcons, and voyages to the Shetlands after seal skins—what are even these yarns, you Tubbs you! to high life in a man-of-war? Why, you dead-eye! I have sailed with lords and marquises for captains; and the King of the Two Sicilies has passed me, as I here stood up at my gun. Bah! you are full of the fore-peak and the fore-castle; you are only familiar with Burtons and Billy-tackles; your ambition never mounted above pig-killing! which, in my poor opinion, is the proper phrase for whaling! Topmates! has not this Tubbs here been but a misuser of good oak planks, and a vile desecrator of the thrice holy sea? turning his ship, my hearties! into a fat-kettle, and the ocean into a whale-pen? Begone! you graceless, godless knave! pitch him over the top there, White Jacket!"

There is a fine accumulation of historic recollections in the chapter on the harbor of Rio—the "Bay of all Beauties."

"Amphitheatrical Rio! in your broad expanse might be held the Resurrection and Judgment-day of the whole world's men-of-war, represented by the flag-ships of fleets—the flag-ships of the Phœnician armed galleys of Tyre and Sidon: of King Solomon's annual squadrons that sailed to Ophir; whence in after times, perhaps, sailed the Acapulco fleets of the Spaniards, with golden ingots for ballasting; the flag-ships of all the Greek and Persian craft that exchanged the war-hug at Salamis; of all the Roman and Egyptian galleys that, eagle-like, with blood-dripping prows, beaked each other at Actium; of all the Danish keels of the Vikings; of all the mosquito craft of Abba Thule, king of the Pelews, when he went to vanquish Artingell; of all the Venetian, Genoese, and Papal fleets that came to the shock at Lepanto; of both horns of the crescent of the Spanish Armada; of the Portuguese squadron that, under the gallant Gama, chastised the Moors, and discovered the Moluccas; of all the Dutch navies led by Van Tromp, and sunk by Admiral Hawke; of the forty-seven French and Spanish sail-of-the-line that, for three months, essayed to batter down Gibraltar; of all Nelson's seventy-fours that thunder-bolted off St. Vincent's, at the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; of all the frigate-merchantmen of the East India Company; of Perry's war-brigs, sloops, and schooners, that scattered the British armament on Lake Erie; of all the Barbary corsairs captured by Bainbridge; of the war-canoes of the Polynesian kings, Tamamahamama and Pomare—aye! one and all, with Commodore Noah for their Lord High Admiral—in this abounding Bay of Rio these flag-ships might all come to anchor, and swing round in concert to the first of the flood."

And the whole book is written with this abounding life and freshness—from the first page to the last.

We have but indicated some of its general characteristics. The speciality of the book, its particular treatment of the "service:" its views on the naval reform questions which are now prominently before the public, afford matter for another article. We shall return to "The World in a Man-of-War," in our next.

It is, we should add, a book essentially of personal observation, the author claiming this in the few lines prefixed of preface, in which he refers to 1843 as the date of his "experiences."

#### PICKERING'S RACES OF MEN.

*United States' Exploring Expedition*, during the years 1838-42. Under the command of Charles Wilkes, U.S.N. Vol. IX.

*The Races of Men: and their Geographical Distribution*. By Charles Pickering, M.D., Member of the Scientific Corps attached to the Expedition. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

#### SECOND PAPER.

FOLLOWING the order of the voyage, the next branch of the Malay family visited was the *New Zealand*. These people have always borne a more warlike character than the tropical Polynesians; and it makes one shudder to think of the sanguinary conflicts that were for ever going on among them before they were brought under Christian influence. Now, it is not long since we saw an engraving of a "Reform Banquet," held in the body of the theatre at New Zealand, in the London Illustrated News—the *coup d'œil* representing a lofty decorated hall, with long tables, surrounded by stately gentlemen in long swelling waistcoats and broad coat tails, seemingly the very identical personages we have seen in the same journal, time out of mind, at Guildhall, agricultural, and other dinners. Those, however, who have ever seen native New Zealanders, freshly caught, will still feel some hankering after the old romance. We shall never forget one just landed from a whaler, whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making at Bristol, R. I. The sailors had equipped him in a suit of clothes, of which the coat was put on wrong side in front: and no young senator, "just breeched," was ever prouder of his apparel. He had put on shoes, also, for the first time, though he could with difficulty walk in them. Nothing could exceed his evident satisfaction with himself and admiration of everything around him, as he staggered up the main street of the quiet old village. Had we not known to the contrary, we should have supposed him intoxicated; he laughed, strutted, staggered, and gesticulated with more than childish delight. We have always fancied that he probably enjoyed at that moment the highest intellectual exhilaration of which our nature is susceptible; to him the dusty old street was like the avenue to the temple of Carnac, and the dozen or two of old-fashioned citizens a company of celestials. The only limit to his happiness was the physical impossibility of chewing all his tobacco at once.

One side of this gentleman's face was dark green, from the lines of tattooing which thickly covered it. Possibly he may have been originally a chief of high rank, for the quantity of tattooing is in proportion to the rank of the individual, and the figures of it constitute his sign manual, or rather facial, which he affixes to public documents.

The "taboo" still prevails in full force at New Zealand. At one place an old man had tabooed himself, that he could not leave the spot of ground he had selected. One of the guides had been tabooed, as to fire, so that he could not light his pipe by it. The fidelity with which the taboo is observed is very remarkable.

The New Zealanders wear cloth; the men woven mantles of flax, and the women a broad cineture, like a rug. The custom of touching noses in salutation prevails with them, as all over Polynesia (it probably being derived from two friends saying, very naturally, when they meet, "we nose each other")! They adopt very readily the customs of civilization, but are found to be extremely covetous. It has

been usual to represent them with a different cast of countenance from the other Polynesians, but our author observed no difference that might not be accounted for by their colder climate, quality of food, and style of tattooing.

The *Tonga Islanders* are the nobility of the Malay-Polynesian blood. They are superior to all the others in physical development, in frankness and generosity of disposition, and in intelligence. Their islands are so many tropical gardens, and life among them seems a continual scene of romance.

The *Hawaiians* have been so often described that we will pass them over rapidly. Honolulu looks from a distance like a European village, but the majority of native houses make it appear like a Fejeean one, near at hand. It is the principal seat of civilization and innovation upon ancient customs. Natives are continually attracted to it by curiosity from all parts of the group; many of them remain, unable to pay their expenses home. There is no prevailing fashion in dress, and the streets, in consequence, present a gay aspect. The natives are remarkable for the readiness with which they acquire mathematics; they are also fond of reading. The cheapness with which they can live (two cents a day) is regarded as an obstacle to their advancement. The population is diminishing; there are few children, except in the remote and uncontaminated districts. They have a traditional literature, and their poetry is said to be very fine. In person the men are about the European stature, but the chief women were, and still are, of gigantic growth.

Other islands inhabited by the Malay race were also visited, or natives of them seen, including Uea, or Wallis's Island, Hooru Island, Rotumna, Raratonga, and the Marquesas—all exhibiting in different shades their general affinity.

The native *Californians*, unlike the tribes of Oregon, Dr. Pickering concludes, belong to the Malays. There are the Indians of the neighborhood of San Francisco and the Sacramento, of whom we have so much in letters from the "diggings." They are of larger stature and their complexion is darker than that of the tribes around them; in general appearance they resemble the South Sea Islanders. They have some remains of tattooing, a circle of marks round the breast like a necklace. They do not use the tomahawk, nor practise scalping, like other Indians. In short, the reasons for supposing them to have a different origin appear unanswerable; and this gives some hope that they may meet a better fate under the pressure of civilization than our Eastern Indians, for the Malay is much the superior blood in point of docility and tenacity. The following is a description of

#### AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE SACRAMENTO.

"The huts were hemispherical, consisting of a light framework thatched with rushes, and were apparently intended only for shelter during the rains of the mild winter. The inhabitants had left them, and were encamped in the open air, half a mile nearer the river, having set up branches of trees for shade, and some inclosures of rush mats. The men, with their chief, were yet a little apart, occupied in various methods of gambling away their earnings. The women were engaged in domestic avocations, and chiefly in the preparation of food. Large stores of various minute seeds were lying in heaps, but the principal resource evidently consisted of acorns; and several women were at work removing the



shells preparatory to drying. Other women were pulverizing dried roots, perhaps of the *Scirpus lacustris*. Some of the water-tight baskets were full of porridge of different kinds, made of combinations of the above materials, and cooked by being placed among hot stones. I tasted some of these messes; but the only thing that Europeans would have considered edible, was a string of fish from the river, that arrived as I was taking leave."

Our author adduces many reasons for believing that the Malay blood has extended over from Northern California and the peninsula into New Mexico.

The *Carolines* and the *Ladrones* are both peopled by Malays.

While the Expedition was at Hawaii, an American whale ship arrived, having on board four or five "natives," who had been taken from an islet in lat. 30°, not laid down on the charts. They were ascertained to have been driven by stress of weather from the southern coast of Japan. They presented, with some slight modifications, the physical peculiarities of the Malay family. Dr. Judd also informed the author that he had seen some educated Japanese from the north of their island, who appeared to him, "unlike the Chinese, identical in physical race with the Hawaiians."

Leaving the Western Pacific, we now accompany our author to the Malays of the *East Indies*.

After cruising twenty months without having seen the ocean enlivened by a sail, it was, he says, a cheering spectacle when, on the 8th of January, 1842, the Vincennes made the Bushee Islands, to the north of Luzon, and they saw in the distance an English bark. The islands were high and broken, one of them cloud-capped; but on passing the nearest of them at a distance of about four miles, it appeared quite barren. The western coast of Luzon, like that of California, is without continuous forests, and presents a succession of openings and scattered trees.

At Manila, they were boarded by the government launch, whose crew were at once recognised as identical in race with the Polynesians, though smaller in stature, and having an expression of superior education and refinement. The troops, on landing, were found to be all natives, with Spanish officers. They had the European discipline, with music by native performers. Four or five languages are spoken at the Philippines, and there are many sectional animosities, all of which are taken advantage of in the detail of the service. The government professes to be military, but, except in the immediate vicinity of Manila, the population are ruled principally by the priesthood. "The internal action of the government appeared to be mild and primitive, and the people contented and happy." "Of all the immense region of the East Indies, the Spanish portion of the Philippines has alone been converted, while the proceedings of the other European powers appear to disadvantage, even after making every allowance for the prior visits of the Muslims."

In the neighborhood of Manila, one may see plenty of brown ladies riding in their carriages—of intelligence and refinement of manners, so far as could be judged by visitors who did not understand their language, that would not suffer by comparison with Europeans. The common people dress mostly in blue, this being the region of indigo. The natives, rich and poor, live almost wholly on rice. They carry burdens in the Polynesian manner, and support children on the hip, in the Polynesian fashion (this is also the Nubi-

an mode, according to Mr. Gliddon); and they caress them by rubbing noses. The use of the betel nut gives them all a bloody appearance of the mouth and teeth. Cock-fighting is the universal amusement; natives are everywhere met with birds under their arms, and the crowing is incessant through day and night. In the interior, near Manila, the principal article of cultivation is the cocoa palm; wealth is often estimated there by the thousand cocoa palms. They are grown in plantations, the trees having their tops united by bamboo, that the climber need not descend in going from one to another.

Passing Mindoro, the Vincennes rounded the extreme point of Mindanao, and anchored under the old Spanish fort of Caldera, bearing on its walls the date 1784, and occupied by a few native soldiers, with a European officer. Here the natives contrive huts in high trees, to avoid night surprises from the Moorish (i. e. Muslim-Malay) pirates. The whole of this part of the island appears from a distance covered with a magnificent forest.

The day after landing, a party, with our author, wandered inward several miles, and saw for the first time the myriads of monkeys and showy birds and insects of the tropics. They were not then aware that Mindanao is the head-quarters of the Pythons (or anacondas, often to be seen at Mr. Barnum's), and that they were very common in that vicinity, though often escaping notice, from their resemblance to large vines hanging from the tree-tops. On this jaunt they passed through a field of Indian corn, growing so luxuriantly, that they had difficulty in forcing their way through the stems, which were about eight feet in height.

The Island of Sooloo from a distance appears very beautiful, being mostly under cultivation. At Soung, the capital, the Vincennes anchored, and a party went ashore, and walked through the town. The inhabitants go armed with spear, shield, and straight sword, each "singularly resembling the ancient Greek pattern of those weapons." But the Sultan would give no permission for an excursion into the interior, alleging that "the people were so bad there was no safety."

The expedition passed several others of the Sooloo group, and touched at one of the Mangsi Islands, which was uninhabited; there they added very materially to their collections, both of marine productions and plants. Soon after they arrived at Singapore, originally a Malay village (i. e. a village of that tribe in the strict sense of the word, not as applied to designate a race), but now overrun with strangers from Hindostan and China. The Chinese are principally shopmen, and the original Malays find congenial employment in the management of the "sampans" or light boats. In the description of Singapore are some novel facts which ought to be brought to the knowledge of our countrymen who are sportsmen. We shall quote entire, for their benefit,

#### SOMETHING ABOUT TIGERS.

"In one respect, Singapore offered novelty, for man was now no longer the undisputed 'lord of creation.' One of the local advantages, urged at the time when the English selected this spot, was the 'absence of wild elephants and tigers;' but it appeared in the sequel, that the island presented no attractions to the latter animal until a city had been built. The invasion took place about six years prior to the visit, doubtless by swimming from the main land, which is at no great distance. The number of persons who have since 'been

taken by tigers amounts to some hundreds,' there being scarcely any other kind of prey; and instances sometimes occurred within two miles of the centre of the city. It was said that these animals 'attacked in the daytime, though perhaps more frequently at night;' but they were not apt to come out into the main road, or to fall upon a palanquin and horse. Such a thing as a tiger pouncing upon a man without killing him was unknown at Singapore; although it sometimes happened, where several persons have been in company, that the tiger has been immediately frightened away. There were persons who made a profession of killing tigers, and government had been paying a premium of a hundred dollars for a head, but having recently reduced this to fifty, the business was for the present at an end. In reference to these prices, it should be observed, that the value of money here is five-fold greater than with us. In the wildest recesses of North America, the traveller may throw himself on the ground to pass the night; not so in these countries, where, without disparagement to the rifle, I may state my belief that it would not prevail. Tigers, however, require covert; and they will disappear whenever the island shall be cleared of woods, an event not likely soon to take place. Under present circumstances, there is little difficulty in keeping out of their way; and European residents, by observing certain precautions, do not much regard them."

An important moral effect has been produced by this state of things. "A decided diminution of crime has taken place," owing to the circumstance that thieves and other criminals are deprived of their former resource of escaping to the woods. A raja of Celebes was said to have been so impressed with the advantages of such a system of police, as to have seriously "entertained the idea of introducing it into his dominions."

The tiger, though, perhaps, inferior in strength to the lion, is, in respect to the human family, a far more formidable animal. It may even be said to rule in a good measure those wooded countries in which it has obtained footing; such as Java, Sumatra, the peninsula of Malacca, the Indo-Chinese countries, and a portion of eastern Hindostan. In western Hindostan, so far as my recent tour extended, the true tiger appeared to be unknown, the country being in general open; but in the thick woods towards Bengal, we read of a district where "villages have been broken up by the ravages of tigers."

The Bugis tribe of Celebes, who resort in great numbers at certain seasons of the year to Singapore, are hardly to be distinguished from the original Malays. They are now the dominant nation in the East Indies.

The expedition passed through the Straits of Banca, and along the low cultivated shores of Sumatra, which were cultivated, and evidently supported a dense population; thence within sight of the cleared land on the mountains of Java, until they rounded Java Head, and were once more on the open sea. They were 33 days crossing the Indian Ocean.

The natives of both Sumatra and Java belong to the Malay race, as do those of Cochin China. Of the Siamese, there were none at Singapore during the stay of the expedition, but Dr. Pickering states that "the twins" well known in the United States, "bear the distinctive marks of the Malay race." He also classes with them the Birmese, the Malagashes, or natives of Madagascar, the aborigines of Ceylon, and natives of the Maldive Islands.



## GILFILLAN'S PORTRAITS.

*Modern Literature and Literary Men; being a second Gallery of Literary Portraits.* By George Gilfillan. Appleton.

WHAT Hazlitt's Spirit of the Age was to his day, Gilfillan's series of Literary Portraits is to our own—at least in one remarkable particular—the mode of attack upon the public, in a certain kaleidoscope quality of style. Hazlitt set English authors in new lights, with a great variety of gorgeous tints, and reviewers were not wanting to exhibit his capricious, inconsequential turns, what they considered violations of the law of taste and of thought. But the rhetoricians and tricksters have got an advantage over the sober grammarians. Style has degenerated, like dress. The exterior mark of the gentleman is quite out of fashion. Authors write as they please, without regard to appearances, or in spite of them. In the confusion of modern drawing-rooms, you must not form hasty judgments. The man in the motley of a fop may be by no means a fool. Mr. Gilfillan, who, to attain the sensation of Hazlitt, has to spice his style proportionally higher, as the depraved taste has increased on the public, in other words, to be a more vitiated writer, is an acute, canny Scotchman, with a stout, bare leg, and a plain plaid underneath. He carries a dagger, too, for the occasion.

Foppery in literature has changed its hand. It ran formerly upon court and fashion, beaux and fine ladies, small talk and scandal. In these latter days, it has grown metaphysical, and even theological. Scraps of poetry, odd ends of divinity, broken remnants of all the philosophers, are blended in its vocabulary. Some think this an improvement, as savoring of holy things. For our parts, we cannot help thinking the impertinence ten-fold more degrading. A man may be frivolous, or vain, or boastful of his horses, his dogs, his mistress, or himself, but let him not play a new set of antics in a church, or carry his buffoonery into the courts of Heaven.

What is striking in Gilfillan may be generally described as the grafting of a volatile Frenchman, Jules Janin, for example, upon a serious Scotchman, of that intellectual training which always gives the graduates of the north so much to say, and with those religious doctrines which it is the glory of old Scotland to instil into her children. You find him playing a thousand tricks of expression, full of exaggerations, coquetting with new lights which he honestly thinks will-o'-the-wisps, and—something of a conservative.

One or two examples will show the man. His paper on Macaulay is shrewd, very shrewd, the talk of a critic who understands his brother of the trade. We give a few of its points.

## MACAULAY THE WISE.

"To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point further than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius.

"With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. 'Macaulay the Lucky' he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise."

## HIS TREATMENT OF THE SOUL.

"Towards the silent and twilight lands of thought, where reside, half in glimmer and half in gloom, the dread questions of the origin of evil, the destiny of man, our relation to the lower animals and to the spirit world, he never seems to have been powerfully or for any length of time impelled. We might ask with much more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, 'Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?' And, besides, what think you of God? or of that most profound and awful mystery of godliness? Have you ever thought deeply on such subjects at all? Or, if so, why does the language of a cold conventionalism, or of an unmeaning fervor, distinguish all your allusions to them? It was not, indeed, your business to write on such themes, but it requires no more a wizard to determine from your writings whether you have adequately *thought* on them, than to tell from a man's eye whether he is or is not looking at the sun."

## AS AN HISTORIAN.

Written before the History of England appeared.

"It follows almost as a necessity from these remarks, that Macaulay exhibits no high purpose. Seldom have so much energy and eloquence been more entirely divorced from a great uniting and consecrating object; and in his forthcoming history we fear that this deficiency will be glaringly manifest. History, without the presence of high purpose, is but a series of dissolving views—as brilliant, it may be, but as disconnected, and not so impressive. It is this, on the contrary, that gives so profound an interest to the writings of Arnold, and invests his very fragments with a certain air of greatness; each sentence seems given in on oath. It is this which glorifies even D'Aubigné's Romance of the Reformation, for he *seeks* at least to show God in history, like a golden thread, pervading, uniting, explaining, and purifying it all. No such passion for truth as Arnold's, no such steady vision of those great outshining laws of justice, mercy, and retribution, which pervade all human story, as D'Aubigné's, and in a far higher degree, as Carlyle's, do we expect realized in Macaulay. His history, in all likelihood, will be the splendid cenotaph of his party. It will be brilliant in parts, tedious as a whole—curiously and minutely learned—written now with elaborate pomp, and now with elaborate negligence—heated by party spirit whenever the fires of enthusiasm begin to pale—it will abound in striking literary and personal sketches, and will easily rise to and above the level of the scenes it describes, just because few of those scenes, from the character of the period, are of the highest moral interest or grandeur. But a history forming a transcript, as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age, solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect, we might have perhaps expected from Mackintosh, but not from Macaulay."

## A HINT TO HIS READERS.

"Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves), we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer's or a confectioner's office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is

constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself."

In all this there is a recognition of the higher laws and duties of literature which will serve a good turn in reminding the indiscriminate readers of the popular reviewer, that there is "more in Heaven and Earth."

Much of the effect of such descriptions is, to be sure, produced by describing authors as they are not, rather than as they are, a proceeding which allows room for infinite brilliancy. But we get a better knowledge of men by looking at them out of their own level, as the streets in which we are accustomed to walk have a new appearance to us, seen from a coach window.

There is a very readable paper on Emerson, with the light shifted to both sides of the statue. These are characteristic traits.

## EMERSON.

"Emerson coming down among men from his mystic altitudes, reminds us irresistibly at times of Rip Van Winkle, with his grey beard and rusty firelock, descending the Catskill Mountains, from his sleep of a hundred years. A dim, sleepy atmosphere hangs around him. All things have an unreal appearance. Men seem 'like trees walking.' Of his own identity he is by no means certain. As in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' the sun and the moon seem to have interchanged places; and yet, arrived at his native village, he (not exactly like honest Rip) sets up a grocer's shop, and sells, not the mystic draught of the mountain, but often the merest commonplace preparations of an antiquated morality."

"To an egregious truism he sometimes suddenly appends a paradox as egregious. Like a stolid or a sly servant at the door of a drawing-room, he calls out the names of an old respected guest and of an intruding and presumptuous charlatan, so quickly and so close together, that they appear to the company to enter as a friendly pair. Of intentional deception on such matters, we cheerfully and at once acquit him; but to his eye, emerging from the strange dreamy abnormal regions in which he has dwelt so long, old things appear new, and things new to very erudite appear stamped with the authority and covered with the hoary grandeur of age."

## This of his speculations on

## HUMAN GUILT.

"If Foster's discolored sight, on the one hand, gave 'hell a murkier gloom,' and made sin yet uglier than it is, Emerson refines it away to nothing, and really seems to regard the evil committed by man in precisely the same light as the cunning of the serpent and the ferocity of the tiger. Who has anointed his eyes with eye-salve, so that he can look complacently, and with incipient praise on his lips, upon the loathsome shapes of human depravity? What Genius of the western mountains has taken him to an elevation, whence the mass of man's wickedness, communicating with hell, and growing up towards retribution, appears but a mole-hill, agreeably diversifying the monotony of this world's landscape? The sun may, with his burning lips, kiss and gild pollution, and remain pure; but that human spirit ought to be supernatural which can touch and toy with sin. And if, in his vision of the world, there be barely room for guilt, where is there space left or required for atonement?"

"It was once remarked by us of John Foster, 'pity but he had been a wicked man;' the meaning of which strange expression was this—pity but that, instead of standing at such an austere distance from human frailty, he had come nearer it, and in a larger measure partaken of it himself; for, in this case, his conceptions of it would have been juster, mellowed, and less terribly harsh. We may parallel this by saying, pity



almost but Emerson had been a worse and an unhappier man; for thus might he have felt more of the evil of depravity, from its remorse and its retribution, and been enabled to counteract that tendency, which evidently exists in his sanguine temperament, to underrate its virulence."

After this, we have such bathetic sentences as—"in his Lecture on Napoleon, as we have already seen, he reduces him and the history of his Empire, to a *strong jelly*!" There is a bounteous eulogy of Longfellow, in which this occurs—"We can no more conceive of a world without an 'Excelsior' than of a world without the 'Iliad,' the 'Comus,' or the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" There are illustrations, too, which do not illustrate, as the comparison of Sydney Smith's style to "the procession of Bacchus from the conquest of India—joyous, splendid, straggling," &c. Such tinsel becomes oppressively wearisome. You seldom find jewels among deposits of shining trash.

#### CROSBY'S SECOND ADVENT.

*The Second Advent*; or, What do the Scriptures teach respecting the second coming of Christ, the end of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment? By Alpheus Crosby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE motto of this work is, "To the law and to the testimony," Isaiah viii. 20; and so it was the design of the author, "as far as possible, to shut himself alone with the Bible," studiously avoiding any reference "to the opinions of any particular sect, or uninspired writer;" than which we cannot conceive any surer method to fall into egregious error; for the author cannot complain if his five hundred readers, following the same method, should arrive at five hundred different opinions concerning the topic of his work. The result is such as might be expected. By an ingenious collocation of texts, he seems to prove his point (and in the same way anything might be proven), but has *nowhere* any searching criticism of those principles of interpretation which have been always used upon this topic, no synthesis of Christian doctrine into a consistent whole, whereby might be seen whether the tenets of this particular work could have collocation in it, and no reference to the sense in which these relations were understood, when they were yet fresh and new in the world's history. Hence the work is a fragment, if, indeed, the system of which it is a part could have any coherence.

The author, starting with the fact that "the Scriptures often speak of a second, but never of a third coming of Christ," shows that "with the second coming of Christ the Scriptures associate the end of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment with its awards," and attempts to show that "our Saviour intimated, and even expressly declared, that his second coming (with its associate events) would take place before the death of some who were then living"—and that "the apostles evidently expected that the second coming of Christ, with its associate events, would take place before the death of some who were then living," from which he infers that "the second coming of Christ, with its associate events, the end of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment, must have already taken place."

These are his five first propositions. In his argument he understands literally all those expressions which seem to favor his theory, and figuratively (of course) all those which make against it. But after reaching the con-

clusion, that the prophecies of the second coming of Christ must have been fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem, he seems to be aware of the objection which would naturally arise, viz. how could the destruction of Jerusalem affect the Gentile Christians of Corinth, Ephesus, and Thessalonica, and what was there in it that rendered necessary such constant waiting and watchfulness as was urged upon them by St. Paul? for if no more than this were meant, the apostle's advice would be nonsense; and such events as the resurrection of the dead and the general judgment could by no interpretation be made part of this calamity, the destruction of Jerusalem:—and so he virtually abandons his whole theory, and falls back upon his last proposition, viz. "the predictions of the Scriptures as to the second coming of Christ, the end of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment with its awards, must be explained in a figurative or spiritual, rather than a literal sense, and in such a sense as admits an application to what has already taken place."

What this sense is he does not tell us, but we are led to suspect he means that the resurrection of the dead is something that takes place in the internal life of the individual, and the general judgment something that takes place continually in the mind of Christ! This, for one who professes in the beginning to take the obvious sense of Scripture, is certainly a leap to the antipodes. Now, if it is really worth while to oppose this author upon his own ground, let any one read the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians (a chapter highly poetic, from the very *literalness* with which it is to be understood), and judge whether the apostle is explaining some internal change by the figure of rising from the dead; or, revealing the actual resurrection of the *flesh*, arguing, that because Christ rose from the dead, it was necessary that *they* should in like manner rise,—and referring to his own resurrection as *future*, which must have already taken place, according to the interpretation above alluded to.

Our readers are aware that the almost universal opinion of Christians since the Apostles' times (except when an occasional Hymenæus and Philetus should arise, saying "that the resurrection is past already, and overthrowing the faith of some") has been that the actual *visible* coming of Christ at the end of the world is referred to in all those passages which speak of his coming at all, but that to give it greater nearness and reality to his own auditors, he clothes his promise sometimes in the image of his figurative coming at the destruction of Jerusalem (for no event less great than his actual coming for judgment would be worthy of the many and awful words in which it is alluded to); and that he concealed the *time* of his coming that Christians, till the end of the world, might live in that preparedness, in that attitude of watchfulness which becomes them, when that time is uncertain.

But it was revealed of old, that "in the last days (and the expression τὰς ἡμέρας referred to by Mr. Crosby means the last age or dispensation of the world's history, and therefore anything spoken of it may refer to the end as well as to the beginning of it) should come scoffers, saying, where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation." Who will think it is not some wonderful change in the world's life, in which the "scoffers" will be trying to lose

their faith? Or who will think it *was* any such pitiful event as the destruction of Jerusalem, or the abrogation of the Jewish economy in Judea?

#### CARLYLE'S PAMPHLET.

*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. I. *The Present Time*. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A VERY nightmare of a book. Its problem, the condition of the world question and the solution, set down in the key, but undecipherable in the processes—the Millennium. A weary, heavy-laden journey to travel, with vexation enough for the individual, a heavier care and responsibility for the family, and something well-nigh insupportable in the aggregate of the state. For our own parts, with a deep sense of the necessities of the way, we would choose a different guide and monitor than the screech-owl Thomas Carlyle. Not by such howlings as in these pamphlet utterances was society built up when men segregated from beasts, but with the heavenly music of the poet's lyre. Cassandra might assist at the overthrow of Troy, but the walls of Thebes rose before Amphion. Would it not be well for our galvanized pamphleteer to consider this and relax a little his clattering of skeletons, the novel instrument he has introduced into the harmonies of literature!

Croaking, we all know, is John Bull's privilege above all other mortals; but there is a gentlemanly, decorous way of croaking.

In Carlyle's view these latter days are all wrong. Kingcraft is good for nothing, "imbecile hypocrisy and histrionism," the Pope is a humbug, "a falsity, a huge mistake, a pestilent dead carcass." Democracy, the inevitable democracy, a "big black" portentous thing, is coming on, but that is no better in the "ancient classical concern," Lamartine's "soft powder,"\* or our America, where it is mere "anarchy plus the street constable."

Do the contented millions of our country know on what a volcano they are living—has Agassiz taken into account the antediluvian monsters who are to issue forth—now seen in the pork and cabbage visions of Carlyle, the "enormous Megatherions, as ugly as ever were born of mud?"

One would think Democracy being admitted an incontestable fact for some time to come, of the human race, it would be the desire of a wise man to make the best of it, and look for its safeguards and protections—but Mr. Carlyle despises it, fact though it be, and kicks over its ballot-box as ruthlessly as a drunken sixth ward voter.

Whence then is virtue to come for the world? In a good stout oaken cudgel, wielded by a wise man—for this is the paramount idea of Mr. Carlyle's pamphlet. This hero and sage is a slave driver, an employment by the way, for which at the south Scotchmen have a proverbially high reputation. But wisdom has other ways of ruling than by cudgels. It might be wise for some person having the ear of the Pamphleteer to insinuate this—for it may, not impossible, be the case that a man who gives away so much advice to the world may be impoverished of counsel at home.

As a matter of taste, too, Mr. Carlyle, in the little affair of style, be not *always* sublime. Your countryman Blair will tell you it is dangerous, and a late Emperor, over whom you have pondered much, how easy to slip your foot into the ridiculous. Off the stage, out of the acted drama, it is not permitted to man, as a social animal, to be perpetually in heroics:

\* Qy. Sawdger.—Printer's Devil.



"monstrosities," "chaosities," "phantasms," "mud-born Megatherions," and the like, are only the occasional similes of gentlemen.

It is one of the misfortunes of the pursuit of literature that a writer is apt to keep before the public long after he has ceased to have anything to say. He makes a hit perhaps in his youth, repeats the impression, is applauded; his vanity or his pocket must be supplied, and he keeps on till he is forced either upon downright stupidity, or, in the lamentable effort to intensify the old dulled expression of his thoughts, into a caricature of himself. There is no danger of Carlyle becoming stupid; but the philosopher seems to be driven on fast into the prophet—in modern times a suspicious character. One of his first works, *Sartor Resartus*, gathered up all the fine philosophies of the man, and is his best work. Monotony does not express the character of his late effusions. In his own language he has become a "cramp," a rigid, unrelaxing Scotchman; the terrific Ancient Mariner of English literature, holding readers from wedding feasts, and all other happy considerations, with a skinny hand.

America, somehow or other, is a special target for our pamphleteer's good-nature. He even gets up some bad Greek to insult us with. "Nay," says he, "the title hitherto to be a Commonwealth or Nation at all among the *idols* of the world is, strictly considered, still a thing they are but striving for, and, indeed, have not yet done much towards attaining." Mr. Carlyle professes to be very fond of flogging. Let a head master of our grammar school catch him here with that *idol* on his lips, and he may perhaps alter his notions. But bad Greek and this Highland "fling" are not enough for the Model Republic. One of the numerous Mrs. Harrises whom Carlyle employs as his familiars, must be brought in for another bit of dirty work. "What have the American cousins done?" growls Smelfungus, "they have doubled their population every twenty years. They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions of the greatest bores ever seen in this world before; that, hitherto, is their feat in history!" 18,000,000 of bores is a great number, and their united force undoubtedly tremendous; but if Mr. Carlyle and his rival American five cent per copy publishers go on at the rate of *Latter Day Pamphlet* No. 1, he will be even with them yet. It would be a safe bet to take the odds in his favor.

#### BAD SPIRITS ON THE TAP.

*Explanation and History of the Mysterious Communion with Spirits; comprehending the Rise and Progress of the Mysterious Noises in Western New York, generally received as spiritual communications.* Finn & Rockwell. Auburn: 1850.

THIS mysterious yellow-covered pamphlet of eighty pages, bearing the above title, was placed in our hands a few weeks since at an hour of the night very near witching time; we read it through; but strange to say awoke the following morning with a fine appetite, and no remembrance of "nightmare."

Few persons are unknowing of the excitement "out west," upon these "Mysterious Noises;" because the *Tribune* has a large circulation, and its columns for months past have been quite at the mercy of the Pros-ers and Cons-ers of the mysterious noise clique.

From the above-named pamphlet it would appear that at the classically named town of Arcadia in Western New York, there lived in 1846 a Mr. Weekman, who in the matter of

credulity was emphatically a *strong* man. This gentleman is the discoverer of the spirits who have ever since *rhap*-sodized so successfully. One evening this very respectable farmer, while in the act of pulling off his boots, heard a knock at the outer door of his cottage. Going to the latter he opened it, and looked out into the darkness of the night, very much like Monsieur Tonson, and, like that dramatic character, discovered nobody. He again commenced disrobing, and the knocking was repeated; once more the door was opened; new search made; he ran around the house—but still nobody! And Mr. Weekman retired to bed discomfited and baffled; no doubt feeling very much like the verdant Bridget on April fool's day, whom some truant urchin of next door has anonymously summoned to answer the bell-pull.

Mr. Weekman was not troubled longer with the rappings, and shortly after his nocturnal interruption moved away; and a Mr. John D. Fox succeeded him as tenant.

When Mr. Fox had lived in Arcadia (Fox and Weekman—Arcades ambo) some six months, the rappings were made manifest to his family. It was in the tempestuous month of March, and with admirable prudence the rappings, avoiding the front door, ensconced themselves inside the house—living upon the floors and in various wardrobes, and keeping the members of the household every night, far into the wee hours, in a state of agitation which must have been more novel than pleasant. Mrs. Fox and the Misses Fox seem to have been endowed in the premises with uncommon courage. Instead of being dismayed or going into hysterics or sending for the doctor, they commenced holding communications with the "raps," which in learned pig fashion rapped affirmatively to the letters of the Alphabet whenever the proper ones were named. By this method of conversation it was discovered that the rappings were those of a murdered pedlar whose lamp of life had been extinguished for the paltry sum of five hundred dollars. The murdered pedlar soon commenced holding a levee, and thousands of the villagers and neighboring farmers came to render gaping homage to his industrious manes; for the pedlar quite threw Blitz and the Fakir of Ava into the shade by the exactness of his jugglery and the facility (considering the tedious manner of expression employed) with which he told ages.

"These rappings," says the pamphlet before us, with great naïveté, "seemed to evince a partiality for, or to manifest themselves more freely in the presence of the two youngest girls" of Mr. Fox's family. Therefore it is not at all wonderful that, shortly afterwards, when the Misses Fox went to Rochester to reside, the rappings followed them into that city of flour barrels and grain. There the rappings became ambitious, and sinking the pedlar, assumed to proceed from such distinguished personages as Swedenborg, Lorenzo Dow, Dr. Galen, Dr. Channing, and John Wesley. But though the pedlar had aspired to the dignity of the theologian and physician, it was very evident he possessed only the pedlar's knowledge, for the rappings continued to tell fortunes and to practise jugglery.

From Rochester the rappings migrated to Auburn. Says the pamphlet:—"the first of its being heard in that city was when the youngest daughter of Mr. Fox visited it."

Of course the intimacy existing between the "mysterious noises" and the Fox-ladies attracted attention; and in true American style committees of investigation were appointed to

pronounce if collusion existed. The Committees listened, talked in raps, were puzzled, and shook their heads like a Maine Jonathan at one of McAllister's late diablerie soirées, when his watch was pounded to pieces before his eyes, and straightway returned him sound as ever.

And so the matter rests. The Rappists have already become a numerous sect, and loudly proclaim the Millennium at hand. If it is approaching, we fear under favor of these western revelations that, instead of a Millennium where the devil is bound, he is to be loosed and set to teach our citizens a new language—the language of raps, more tedious than Phonography.

Let not our readers suppose that the rappings are those of mechanical agency; oh, no! they are produced (give attention, Drs. Draper and Torrey, Profs. Chilton and Doremus) "by concussion upon the *more refined ingredients* (!) of the atmosphere causing a vibration of the tympanum, and thus addressing the sound of hearing." There's a discovery in Acoustics, to make known which the mystification of a thousand Western Yorkers is but a trifling consideration.

Verily this is an age of progress; and by virtue thereof we are in expectation, whenever canal navigation opens, of a visit from the Rappist, be he the murdered pedlar or Lorenzo Dow—of the twain we would prefer Lorenzo. And our expectation is the stronger; because if the spirit has any self-respect he will visit with indignation the Christy Minstrels, who have impiously lampooned his memory in the following conundrum:—"Why is Rochester like a threepenny grocery?" "Because it keeps bad spirits on the tap."

#### A THOUGHT ON BOOK-BINDING.

*The Red Rover.* By J. Fenimore Cooper. Revised edition. Putnam.

THE sight of the far-famed Red Rover, sailing under the sober-hued muslin wherewith Mr. Putnam equips his lighter sort of craft, begets in us a fastidious feeling touching the propriety of such a binding for such a book. Not that we ostentatiously pretend to any elevated degree of artistic taste in this matter—our remarks are but limited to our egotistical fancies. Egotistically, then, we would have preferred for the "Red Rover" a flaming suit of flame-colored morocco, as evanescently thin and gauze-like as possible, so that the binding might happily correspond with the sanguinary, fugitive title of the book. Still better, perhaps, were it bound in jet black, with a red streak round the borders (pirate fashion); or, upon third thoughts, omit the streak, and substitute a square of blood-colored bunting on the back, imprinted with the title, so that the flag of the "Red Rover" might be congenially flung to the popular breeze, after the buccaneer fashion of Morgan, Black Beard, and other free and easy, dare-devil, accomplished gentlemen of the sea.

While, throwing out these cursory suggestions, we gladly acknowledge that the tasteful publisher has attached to the volume a very felicitous touch of the sea superstitions of pirates, in the mysterious cyphers in bookbinders' relieve stamped upon the covers, we joyfully recognise a poetical signification and pictorial shadowing forth of the horse-shoe, which, in all honest and God-fearing piratical vessels, is invariably found nailed to the mast. By force of contrast this clever device reminds us of the sad lack of invention in most of our bookbinders. Books, gentlemen, are a species of men, and introduced to them you circulate in



the "very best society" that this world can furnish, without the intolerable infliction of "dressing" to go into it. In your shabbiest coat and easiest slippers you may socially chat, even with the fastidious Earl of Chesterfield; and lounging under a tree, enjoy the divinest intimacy with my late Lord of Verulam. Men, then, that they are—living without vulgarly breathing—never speaking unless spoken to—books should be appropriately apparelled. Their bindings should indicate and distinguish their various characters. A crowd of illustrations press upon us, but we must dismiss them at present, with the simple expression of the hope that our suggestion may not entirely be thrown away.

That we have said thus much concerning the mere outside of the book whose title prefaces this notice, is sufficient evidence of the fact, that at the present day we deem any elaborate criticism of Cooper's Red Rover quite unnecessary, and uncalled for. Long ago, and far inland, we read it in our uncritical days, and enjoyed it as much as thousands of the rising generation will, when supplied with such an entertaining volume in such agreeable type.

*A Modern History, from the Time of Luther to the Fall of Napoleon.* By Rev. John Lord, A.M., Lecturer on History. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

MR. LORD's recent lectures in this city have already introduced him to our readers. He now appears as a historian, with a sizable volume, in which he has condensed and abridged the most interesting historical records of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is rather late in the day to produce a "Modern History" which can lay claim to much of originality or research, but Mr. Lord's aim is not to compete on these grounds with his predecessors on the same field, but to simplify and concentrate, according to his own system of arrangement, the facts and data which go to make up the sum and substance of the many histories already before the world. The work is intended for the use of schools and instructors, and in accordance with this plan its method has been adopted.

Mr. Lord's style as a writer is nervous and energetic. He is an enthusiast on the subject of history, and devotes himself, *con amore*, to his task. His limits, in a work like the present, confine him within narrower bounds than those of a lecture or essay; but fortunately for his purpose, facts can be stated in far fewer words than opinions. As a lecturer, his want of imagination is a serious defect, but in the compilation of a history for schools and for reference, this element is well dispensed with. The practice so common nowadays of dressing up the various epochs and characters of history in the holiday garb of half fiction, for the entertainment of the juvenile mind, we entirely disapprove. After all, we have got to come to realities some day or another, and why not begin upon them at once?

Mr. Lord does not venture into the discussion of topics which require much discussion of principle or fact. He avoids the controverted points with a wise caution, and dispatches an obscure or intricate period with commendable brevity. For instance, the whole history of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Madame de Maintenon, the Jesuits, and Louis XIV., is got over in about a page and a half. This does very well "for the use of schools," but would not do for the use of "scholars," employing the word in its larger sense.

The work promises to be successful, judging from the favor with which Mr. Lord's efforts in kindred departments are received. It may well be adopted in our schools as a textbook, and would accomplish a most happy result in inciting its students to something of the zeal for historical studies and acquirement which characterizes its author.

*The Fencing Master; or, Eighteen Months at St. Petersburg.* Translated from A. Dumas. *Gentleman of the Old School.* By G. P. R. James. Cincinnati and St. Louis: Stratton & Barnard.

THE first named contains reminiscent memoirs and adventures by a Parisian fencing master who travelled to Russia some years after Napoleon's last fatal invasion, and with his heart full of the campaign moralized over its disasters. His notices of these are well executed; and the rhetoric of their narrative displays all the fire of French enthusiasm. His adventures in the capital contain many witty and piquant passages of life.

The book by James is a new edition of an old novel, and by the way, one of the best written by him. When James arrives in this city his novels will be in demand by all the lion hunters; and this edition from the Western house of Stratton & Barnard will be just the thing for some newsboy to thrust in the author's face as he is coming off the Jersey ferry boat.

*Elements of History, Ancient and Modern.* By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. (Boston: WM. J. REYNOLDS.) A concise narrative of the leading events in the history of the principal nations of ancient and modern times, the history of each nation being told separately. Being designed for a school-book, there is little scope for original research or philosophical comment, but the facts have evidently been drawn from standard authorities, and the few remarks on topics and characters which will be found in the book are sound and discriminating. Prefixed to the volume is a colored historic chart, on which the author lays much stress in his preface, as a very important adjunct to his plan of teaching the outlines of history. It is very ingenious in plan, exhibiting at a glance the relative importance of the different nations of the world during each century, from the year 800 B.C. to the present time, by a series of cross lines; forming, as it were, the chess table on which is played the game of national life.

There are also a number of chronological tables; among others, one of the great writers of England, and a companion, exhibiting the prominent names in foreign literature. We are glad to see the succession of the Kings of Thought impressed upon the schoolboy, as well as that of the less important political sovereigns.

*Dictionary of Mechanics and Engine-Work, and Engineering.* Oliver Byrne, Ed. (N. York: D. APPLETON & Co.) The fourth number of the Dictionary of Mechanics concludes the subject of boilers. Plates and sections of the boilers, and the arrangement of the flues in several of the most celebrated ocean steamships, accompany the text. The article concludes with the tabulated results of the investigations undertaken by a committee of the Franklin Institute, on the strength of copper and iron plates at different temperatures, together with remarks on the causes of explosions, and an inquiry into those concerned in the rapid corrosion of the boilers of sea-going steam vessels.

Under the head of bolting mills, the ma-

chinery employed for the purpose of bolting flour is fully described, with all the latest improvements.

Three boring machines, lately erected at some of the large English machine establishments, for boring the cylinders of the vast engines used in ocean steamships, come next; one of these was constructed for boring the cylinders, ten feet in diameter, for the Great Western Steam Navigation Company's vessel, the Mammoth. The form, nature, and operation of various boring implements in wood and iron, augers, drilling machines, braces, and the bits and drills accompanying, are explained in a very full and interesting article.

The bran separator of E. K. Benton of Milwaukee, a new American invention, is described, with a plate.

Quite a number of brick machines will be found under that head; among these are Mr. Ustick's of Philadelphia, Choice and Gibson's brick machinery, Leahy's machine, Nash's patent machine, and Carville's machine.

It will be seen that a large number of patented machines are described in the present number, and this is an important feature of the plan of the enterprising publishers. They desire proprietors and patentees to send in descriptions and drawings of their machinery, and if this idea is carried out, the work will not only be rendered complete, but it will be of vast service to the owners of valuable patented improvements.

*Memoirs of the Mother and Wife of Washington.* By Margaret C. Conkling. (Auburn: DERRY & Co.) The character of every man open to the genial sympathies of nature as developed in the healthy atmosphere of the Christian household, is formed in no inconsiderable degree by his mother, and strengthened or weakened by his wife. The biography of these, then, may throw much light on that of the object of their common solicitude.

It has been often remarked that the mothers of great men have always exhibited strong traits of character. Never was the truth of the assertion more forcibly exhibited than in "Mary, the Mother of Washington." The quiet, uneventful character of her life, for had it not been for her son's greatness her fame would not have extended far beyond the churchyard of Fredericton, strengthens rather than impairs the truth of the remark, for it is in the quiet and seclusion of home that the character is formed, that the child becomes the "father of the man."

Never was a more beautiful illustration of the fifth commandment given than in the respectful "Honored Madam" with which the youthful Washington commences his letters to his parent, and the same reverent spirit which distinguishes his interview with her when on his way to assume the chief magistracy of the even then greatest Republic of the world, he turns aside to "honor" his grey-haired mother. Her "George was always a good boy" is a prouder, a more eloquent tribute to its subject than all the Fourth of July eulogiums from '76 to the present day.

More is known of Martha than of Mary Washington, but she does not present the same picture of simple dignity, though she, too, filled her exalted rank in life most honorably. When, however, the two are placed side by side, we must, as we can fancy Washington would have done in like case, pay the greater respect to the elder.

Something of this feeling may have been in the mind of the lady writer of this little volume, for her account of the mother is better than that of the wife. Both are written with



great warmth, as befits so patriotic a topic, but in the latter there are traces of the intense fine writing of the present day which is as detrimental to true earnestness as it is to true taste.

*The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague.* (New York: C. S. FRANCIS & Co.) Mr. Sprague's writings have already been published in Boston in a complete form and been recently reviewed with care in the Literary World. The present neatly executed volume is issued by Messrs. Francis & Co., in this city. It contains all the published works of the author in a form which makes the book a companion for the volumes of poetical works issued in Boston and Cambridge. The poems of Mr. Sprague need no commendation in addition to those previously given in our Journal, to enhance their reputation.

*Grammar of Arithmetic; or, an Analysis of the Language of Figures and Science of Numbers.* By Charles Davies, LL.D. (A. S. BARNES & Co.) Prof. Davies, in this little work, treats Arithmetic as a science, and gives us the philosophy of two and two make four, as he has heretofore given that of the higher mathematics. He simplifies matters wonderfully, and we congratulate the school-boys of the present day on having some of the stones removed from the steep pathway to Dame Minerva's on top of the hill. The work, from the reputation of the author, must come into extensive use; its use being that of a treatise rather than a text-book. Its white paper and open type are in pleasant contrast to the dingy blurred pages of the arithmetics of "old times."

*History of the Persians and Assyrians.* By Edward Farr. (CARTERS.)—These volumes, which form part of a work on ancient history, give the physical and topographical as well as the political history of the countries to which they relate.

*Manual of Commercial Correspondence, English and French.* By a Merchant. (G. P. Putnam.)—The ladies cannot be supplied with their silks and embroideries, the gentlemen with their broadcloths, the art lover with his engravings, the artist with his lay figure, the epicure with his *pâté de foie gras*, and the public in general with those thousand "*petits riens*" with which France is prolific, and which the taste and skill of her artisans have enjoeled us into half regarding as necessities of life, without some letter-writing on the part of the merchant and his clerks, which letter-writing must often perforce be in the French language. To those of them who do not feel very confident of their linguistic powers this book will be a desideratum, it having the needful forms printed in French and English on the same page.

*Adams's Mensuration.* (ROBT. B. COLLINS.)—Designed for scholars who do not intend pursuing a course of the higher mathematics as a practical guide to the knowledge of the rules for the measurement of weights and measures, of lines, superficies, and cubes, and of mechanical powers and machinery, of everyday requirement. The work is in small compass, but is a complete exhibition of the subject, and illustrated, especially in the latter portion, with good woodcuts.

*Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.* By Dr. Johnson. (CARTER & BROS.) It is pleasant to meet an old friend in a new coat, as an evidence, to some extent, that the world goes well with him; and it is a kindred pleasure to meet with a new edition of a favorite old book. Dr. Johnson himself did not care much for sartorial or toilet adornment, but we suspect

that were he living he would be quite as well pleased to see this, his favorite brain-child, in the neat type and superfine cloth of the Messrs. Carter, as in the dingy dress, often sadly greasy and out at elbows, in which he has of late been knocked about the world in circulating libraries and book stalls. Rasselas has passed the critics long ago, and passes to the book-shelf of every library as an old beau is invited, as a matter of course, to every party of the season. It may not be sought after as much as the livelier and "faster" books of the present day, but holds its own, and may outlive them all.

*Old Jolliffe, and Only.* (Boston: JAS. MUNROE & Co.) We are happy to see that the success of Miss Planché's little tale, "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam," has induced the republication of two little volumes of kindred form and spirit, "Old Jolliffe," and "Only." Though evidently suggested by the Christmas Tales of Dickens, these tales breathe throughout so cheerful a spirit of satisfaction with present condition, so much of content under privation, the lesson that happiness may be found in humble homes as well as lordly halls, that were the imitation greater than it is, the offence, if such it be, might be pardoned for the sake of the good effected. These works have, however, independent merits of their own, in the pleasant style in which they are written, the quiet humor pervading them, and the cheerful, holiday spirit spread over their pages, enough to enable them to take an enviable place in the minor literature of the day.

*Daily Bible Illustrations:* being Original Readings for a Year on subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. By John Kitto, D.D. (CARTER & BROS.) The writer of this work is well known in England as the editor of a profusely illustrated and annotated edition of the Bible, and as the author of several works of biblical illustration. The aim of the present volume, the first of four, is to present the Sacred Narrative, in its consecutive form, in a series of essays on topics suggested by the text, for every day in the year. Those for Sundays are exclusively of a devotional character; those for week days contain, as may be required, information upon manners and customs, historical elucidations, and a wide class of topics, suggested rather than embraced in the Inspired Writings. Traditions regarding the personages of the Old Testament are also given from the Talmud, and other sources; and the curious practical questions that sometimes arise, are treated in a very interesting manner.

This book, while it does not pretend to rewrite the Bible, does furnish a very valuable commentary, avoiding the stumbling-blocks of controversy, to its narrative portions. It is well adapted to the purpose set forth in the title page, of furnishing family reading for every day in the year—the sections being of a convenient length for reading aloud, without taxing the attention of the hearers, or the voice of the reader.

*The Uses and Abuses of Air.* By Dr. Griscom. (2d ed. REDFIELD.) No one who has attended a lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute, or ridden in an omnibus on a cold day, or slept in the cabin of a North River steamboat, can fail having a very lively sense of the evils of imperfect ventilation, yet no steps have been taken, of any importance, to remedy this evil, and thousands are nightly half suffocated at our places of amusement.

Dr. Griscom commences his work by showing how much more care has been taken in

supplying other necessities of life, except pure air; yet no other of our bodily wants is near as essential. A man can exist, he says, for three weeks without food, but deprive him of air for three minutes, and the breath of life, unfed from without, would depart.

After a clear and simple exhibition of the part played by respiration in the animal economy, he shows that most of the diseases which afflict humanity are to be traced to the influence of air, poisoned, in crowded assemblies, by being continually inhaled and exhaled, or in our streets, by passing over putrefying matter. He shows that no class of the community is exempt from this evil, in consequence of the want of ventilation in sleeping apartments.

The remedies proposed, by which a pure current of air warm or cold may be freely circulated in every room of a house, school, or workshop, are extremely simple, and will be found illustrated by colored diagrams in the book, which every one who values the breath which gives life to his body should consult.

#### GEHLENSCHLAGER.

Two men of genius and fame, natives of widely-severed lands and renowned in different branches of art, yet equally endeared to liberal taste, have departed within the last few weeks. The first to whom we allude, is Adam Gottlob Ehlerschlager—the poet of Denmark. Our attention was first attracted to this writer by some fragments of his tragedy of Correggio translated into English, which appeared many years since in Blackwood's Magazine. Interesting and even pathetic as are the current anecdotes recorded of this remarkable painter, one could scarcely deem them adapted to a dramatic use. Yet the soulful grace and exquisite sentiment in which the gifted Dane arrayed them, awakens the liveliest pleasure, even in a foreign garb. We have been told by Miss Bremer that this tragedy is by no means the greatest example of the poet's ability; and cannot but express the hope that a translation of his select works will yet be given us by a capable hand. Few poets have enjoyed a more prosperous career than this beautiful minstrel of the North. His boyhood was genially passed in the royal castle of Fredericksborg, of which his father was governor, and the scenes and associations of which appear early to have imbued him with romantic feelings. Breaking loose from the restraints of more serious studies originally imposed on him, he soon began to read, then to act, and finally to write plays—at first as a pastime, and, at last, as the profession of his life. He quitted the stage for the bar, married early, took up arms in 1801 at the approach of the British fleet towards Copenhagen; and when peace was restored, became once more a poetical student—ardently investigating the legends of Northern Europe. He soon became a voluminous writer, and the idol of his country. His old age was accompanied by "honor and troops of friends." It was not only serene but creative. His death caused profound sorrow, and was attended by a sixth of the entire population of Copenhagen. He died of apoplexy at the age of seventy-one.

The other distinguished artist of whose decease we have recent tidings, is Bartolini, the sculptor. Our countryman Greenough was his pupil. He was one of the most celebrated in the art among the statuary of the present day. Rossini, the composer, who happened to be at Florence at the time of his death, was one of his pall-bearers.



## DR. FRANCIS'S FRANKLINIANA.

At the recent celebration, January 17, of the Birth-day of Franklin, by the Typographical Society, the reply to one of the regular toasts was assigned to Dr. Francis. In the course of his remarks he justified his position on this occasion by a reminiscence of his early life, our worthy and esteemed fellow-citizen and physician having been also a Printer, and taken his letters patent of nobility in the honorable labor college of Franklin. The details of the scientific investigations of the latter are new, and highly curious and important.

"In early life I became enamored of the character of Franklin; my parents had taught me to venerate his name; and when a boy of about ten years old, the perusal of his autobiography led me to a love of letters, to a study of his maxims, and finally to engage mechanically in a practical knowledge of the art of printing. I remember well my setting up the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' in 1804, the first of any of Scott's Works reprinted in America. It appeared in Longworth's 'Belles-Lettres Repository,' and as if coming events cast their shadows before, in the spring and summer of 1805, I put in type nearly every word of Cullen's 'First Lines of the Practice of Physic.' This edition was printed by Lewis Nichols, and published by Evert Duyckinck, an intelligent and honest bookseller of this city, whose Knickerbocker integrity and knowledge of good books were universally appreciated. Some ten years after, I had often recourse to my Edition of Cullen to aid me in my Lectures on the Materia Medica, and on the Institutes of Medicine, delivered in the University of the State of New York.

"Fellow-members, you have done an act of justice only in associating so intimately the name of Franklin with the New York Typographical Society. Everybody knows that the great philosopher made his first appearance on this habitable globe in Boston; no one is ignorant that much of his long life is associated with Philadelphia. The house in which he first drew breath still stands, I believe, in its original place; his mortal remains still consecrate the city of his adoption. I never visit Philadelphia that I do not visit his venerated tomb. But Franklin is also closely connected with New York, by his repeated sojourns here, by his philosophical discoveries made here, and by his delectable companionship with prominent individuals among us. Here, with Lieutenant-Governor Colden; with John Stevens, so early engaged in railway experiments; with Bard, the physician; with James Alexander; with Smith, the historian, he passed pleasing hours, and held occasional interviews of a social and scientific nature. But wherever he was, in whatever society, an intellectual atmosphere was imparted by him: he might discourse concerning the electrical eel with Williamson, the sturdy disputant on Colonial affairs; converse with John Bartram on the sublimity of American forest scenery; blow soap bubbles with Ingenzousz on the banks of the river Thames; grace the soirées of Sir John Pringle in London, with Cook and Banks, on the eve of voyages round the world; discuss the nature of the vital principle with Hewson, the anatomist; inspire with new hopes the destitute traveller, Capt. Jonathan Carver, in some secret lodging-place in London; on whatever topics he spoke, intelligence flowed from his lips; his hearers' eyes brightened with expectancy, and their hearts improved. A cultivated head is a perpetual workshop, at the command of its possessor; and this prin-

ciple he never lost sight of in whatever country he was found, or in whatever capacity he appeared. Talleyrand, who, like Ulysses, had visited many cities, said that the greatest sight he had ever beheld was Hamilton walking through Broadway to the court-room, with his pile of law authorities under his arm: it must have been a no less gratifying spectacle to behold our Franklin among the busy haunts of men, moving with republican simplicity amid the scenes of humble industry.

"In New York, with Colden, I believe, he projected the foundation of the Association, now best known as the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, for promoting Useful Knowledge. In some observations which I made at the Literary Dinner, given in New York to Authors and Booksellers, now some fifteen years ago, I stated that I thought the honor of the stereotype invention belonged to this city, because the new method of printing suggested by Colden, in his letter to Franklin, is very likely the same as that practised by M. Herhan of Paris, under letters patent of Napoleon. Colden's details of his plan were addressed to Dr. Franklin in a communication written a century ago. Franklin was delighted with the feasibility of the invention, and when he went to France submitted it to Didot, the printer and type-founder at Paris. Herhan, a German, who had been an assistant of Didot, but now separated from him, took it up in opposition to Didot. It is affirmed, on good authority, that Herhan's method of stereotyping is precisely similar to that which Colden invented. Thus Didot and Herhan appear conclusively to have derived from America—from New York may I be permitted to say—that celebrity in this art which they enjoyed in France.\* Notwithstanding the remote period at which the project of stereotyping was suggested in this city, the first demonstration of the art was not made until 1813, when John Watts stereotyped and printed a copy of the Larger Catechism in 12mo. In June, 1815, the Bibles, of New York, stereotyped and printed the Bible, 12mo.

"In my examination of the extensive manuscript correspondence of Colden, made many years ago, I found that Franklin, while in New York, was sadly in want of apparatus to prosecute his experiments on electricity. He could find no competent artisan to execute his orders, and with that energy and perseverance which were peculiarly his own, he set about the work himself, and completed an electrical machine that effectively served his purposes. Some of his most valuable principles in his great science were verified by this machine of his own making; and his Observatory was the steeple of the then New Dutch Reformed Church, now occupied as the Post Office in this city. There are letters of his to his old and valued friend, Peter Collinson, of London, and others, that contain some of the results of his inquiries made under these circumstances. Had I been aware in season that my friend Morse was engaged in his Magnetic Telegraph experiments in New York, I would have urged him to have taken the old steeple for the purpose. Is it not, however, beautifully appropriate to the genius of our country that, although she boasts no antiquated tower, such as that hallowed in Tuscany by the memory of Galileo's vigils, yet that the humble spire reared by the brave exiles for religious liberty, witnessed also the early triumphs of American science; and that the same quaint edifice is the memorial both of

the truths of religion and of the truths of nature, equally derived from God, though so often ignorantly divided?"

## A GEOGRAPHICAL STUDY.

[From the London Times, Feb. 7.]

THE people of this country have been recently edified by an American project for connecting New York and the Isle of Wight by a submarine electric telegraph. Perhaps some of our readers experienced a little jealousy at this signal display of enterprise and daring on the part of our brethren in the States. If so, we can easily restore their equanimity, for we assure them that no scheme ever yet conceived, either at Washington or New Orleans, makes any approximation in grandeur or audacity to a well-considered and elaborate prospectus now lying before us. The object of this plan is, to be sure, nothing more nor less than a simple line of railway, but this line is to connect, by a direct and permanent way, the two stations of Calais and Mooltan.

Allowing a few minutes for the subsidence of the incredulity and bewilderment which such a proposal will create, even in minds familiarized with the expansibility of trunk lines, and the intrepidity of projectors, we may proceed to make the scheme a little more comprehensible. Difficulties, it is said, vanish when you close with them, and perhaps some of those already rising in the reader's mind may wear a less formidable aspect when contemplated from a nearer point of view. In point of fact, the distance between England and India is of a very fabulous and artificial character. It used to be called 10,000, 12,000, or even 15,000 miles. The time consumed in traversing it has varied from nine months to three. Sir Arthur Wellesley modestly stipulated for four, as the limit of the period within which there should be always a steady and constant communication between Portsmouth and Calcutta. At the present time the journey from Bombay to Southampton is usually performed in some 35 or 40 days, and there seems to be abundance of room for still further shortening the transit. For, after all, when we look at the plain facts of the case, India is only some few hundred miles further from us than the United States, though we have come to consider the latter country as lying at our doors, while we still regard the former as one of the uttermost parts of the earth. From Spithead to New York it is 2,820 miles; from Ostend to Hyderabad, on the Indus, it is only 3,805.

Most certainly nobody has ever yet looked upon one of these journeys as being only 900 miles longer than the other; but if the "Direct Calais and Mooltan" ever comes into operation, the longer will become actually the shorter of the two. Now, let us look at the several stages of this very edifying journey. In the first place, instead of starting from Calais or Ostend, we may start from Vienna, for up to that point railway communication may be considered as already complete. From Vienna the line is, or was, actually open to Pesth, but here we are stopped, and the next step, therefore, is to carry it as directly as possible to Constantinople. For this purpose it is projected to take a due southward course from Pesth, through the valley between the Theiss and the Danube, crossing the latter river a little below the junction of the Drave, and entering the European territories of Turkey just by Belgrade. From this point to Constantinople intervenes a distance of about 500 miles, over which the line will run along the valley of the Danube, pretty nearly to Ni-

\* The Correspondence on this subject may be seen in the American Medical and Philosophical Register, vol. 1. 1811.



ecopolis, when it will make a southward bend to cut the Balkan, apparently by a pass of its own, a little north-west of Eskisara. After this the course through Adrianople to the Bosphorus is clear enough, and so we stand at length on the borders of Europe and Asia, with about one third of the whole journey accomplished, and 2,400 miles still remaining before us—a longish stage, certainly, but not longer than will be in actual operation in the United States before five years are out.

Turkey in Asia is now to be traversed from angle to angle—from Scutari to Basra—saying nothing, for the present, about the Straits. The line will pass over the memorable field of Angora, the scene of Bajazet's defeat, and will then shoot with the straightness of an arrow between the Euphrates and the Tigris—the ancient regions of Mesopotamia. The ruins and relics of Nineveh will be brought close to hand. Babylon and Bagdad cannot fail of being attractive stations, even for those who stop short of Susa and Ecbatana; and, before we have well recovered from the sensations occasioned by the scenery, we shall find ourselves on the coast of the Persian Gulf, about 2,800 miles from our starting port in the Channel. For the last 200 leagues the road will have lain through antediluvian cities, cyclopean remains, gigantic sculptures, mysterious excavations, bituminous lakes, and mosaic wells; and we may reasonably pause for a few moments before we turn our theodolites upon tracts which the most enterprising travellers have yet but imperfectly explored.

We have now two routes open to us. We may either take the great Desert of Kirman, and the wilds of Western Afghanistan, driving right through the Solyman range of mountains, and striking our Indian territories pretty high up in the Punjab; or we may skirt the south-western coast of Persia, run exactly through the centre of Beloochistan, and debouch directly upon the old capital of the Ameers of Scinde. Our surveys, traffic calculations, &c., are here mainly confined to certain statistics respecting the capacities of loaded camels and the tracks of periodical caravans; but the project before us prudently decides in favor of the latter-mentioned route; and the line accordingly, passing right through the ruins of Persepolis, cuts the Beloochee frontier at its middle point, and then, turning a little southward, skirts the whole length of the seacoast under the hills, and at length crosses the Indus a little below Meeanee. The distance traversed in these two stages is about 550 miles in Persia, and as nearly as possible the same in Beloochistan. Perhaps, at this point, it may be advisable to mention, for general information, that Beloochistan is a country bounded on the north by Afghanistan, on the west and east by Persia and Scinde, and on the south by the Arabian sea, and tenanted by an indefinable race, living under no describable government. If, after this, we cannot snap our finger at the Yankees, it will, as they express it, "be a pity."

Yet the total estimated cost of this miraculous design is only 34,050,000*l.*—a sum which might indeed have appeared considerable to Adam Smith, but which is a mere trifle according to present notions, and which, in fact, scarcely exceeds what has been actually spent upon two domestic railways. The total annual interest on the capital is under 2,000,000*l.* and the portion which, according to the terms of the project, would have to be defrayed by the "Government" of Beloochistan is only 275,000*l.* We should like, however, to near

Sir Charles Napier's opinion upon the amenability of this interesting population to proper instruction upon the points of international intercourse, free trade, Cabinet loans, and funded debt; nor can we persuade ourselves that the apparition of the projected causeway would be unaccompanied with a certain degree of abruptness in some of the districts of Persia and Asia Minor. "Engineering difficulties," we are well aware, have now no place in a projector's vocabulary, nor is it fit they should have; but there are other not unimportant considerations in the case of a scheme like this. However, we have at last fairly beaten the Americans in comprehensive surveys and audacious speculation, and we have abundant reasons for believing that the scheme which we have here detailed has actually been considered for years, has been digested with the aid of all accessible information, and has been devised with no other end than that of promoting great national good.

#### ACTUALITIES OF THE DAILY NEWSPAPER. SECOND PAPER.

NOTHING in the whole machinery of modern society calls all its resources into action like a daily newspaper. In the practical details of its management, the newspaper requires all the improvements in locomotion to obtain its information in due time—all the improvements in machinery to print that information in the shortest possible period—all the improved arrangements for transmission to enable its readers to receive it before breakfast at a distance of some hundred miles. In the intellectual requirements of the paper, every kind of composition—the grave, the gay, the spirited, the argumentative—are needed each in its place. Every species of learning may at any moment be wanted. We have known a newspaper send its scouts into all sorts of extraordinary places in search of some one who understands German; and be forced at last to drag a Teutonic chess-player from the middle of his game into the editor's room. An hour's delay would have seriously injured the paper. It requires all the varied information of the present day, information scattered so diffusely in every direction, and which an active mind obtains almost unconsciously, to enable a newspaper writer to fulfil the duties of his business; study and preparation are in everyday cases out of the question. Yet many writers of eminence, both in science and art, are called into requisition when their services are seriously wanted. In this way the columns of a newspaper present a curious collection of articles. By the side of a chemical disquisition of Faraday's stands a paragraph on a similar subject, collected for the occasion out of the Encyclopedia; a description of a locomotive by a man scarcely conversant with the first principles of mechanism follows a communication from Stephenson. It is the same throughout. A letter from a peer, rectifying the report of his speech, is close to a tallow-chandler's complaint of his treatment in an omnibus; a grave description of a royal court is elbowed by a lamentation upon the dirt of some neglected alley; an account of the delinquencies of a statesman stands in the next column to the pilferings of a pickpocket; the prospects of the Ministers may actually be postponed to the prospects of a corporation election at Mudfog. It is a perfect microcosm in itself, the newspaper—the most correct reflex of the passing world which that world ever saw. All the characters are dismounted one by one, and paraded before the gaze of the multitude—sometimes

full dress, stark-naked at others—with all their feelings, passions, and grimaces fixed on their countenances with an iron stamp. Around them lies a heap of all that on earth is valued or valueless—gold, straw, jewels, tallow—scattered in most worldly confusion and profusion on every side. A single paper will give a more correct idea of the actualities of humanity, than the disquisitions of a thousand philosophers.

We take up our history at the point where we left off.

The foreign editor has now arrived. In his room lie papers and dispatches which might well frighten a novice. Printed news in every sort of type, and every variety of language; manuscripts of all sizes and degrees of legibility, await his inspection. The last soon find their way to the printer. They are mostly from recognised correspondents. To extract from the foreign newspapers is very troublesome; frequently it may be necessary to translate a document of some columns' length in two or three hours. The more striking details are set aside for the editor; the remainder sent into the sub-editor's room.

The sub-editor himself comes in, when his assistant may be expected to have cleared the way for him. On this gentleman's tact and ingenuity much of the interest of the paper depends. With the *éclat* of leading articles and grand original essays, he has little to do. But the selection and arrangement of the intelligence, which is far more generally read and understood, depends entirely on him. Readers are always complaining, that, with a vast deal of talent in the original matter of a newspaper, it is still heavy and uninteresting. This is the sub-editor's fault, in most cases, whose excellence lies more in tact than in talent—in knack of exhibiting news in such a manner, that the readers may feel conscious that they are perusing an entertaining paper, while they are scarcely conscious in what the entertainment consists.

The sub-editor, after examining the assistant's papers, and those sent in from abroad, can see, to some extent, what the general bearing of the paper will be. If the intelligence is likely to be full, he at once proceeds to condense. If otherwise, he arranges the different matters under their various heads; and then takes from his drawer a bundle of papers—literary notices, reviews of new books, and other miscellaneous contributions, which belong to no particular day. From these he selects the most important, adding, perhaps, some pieces of criticism, obtained for the occasion, by way of corollary or supplement. In the meantime, the printer is in constant oscillation from the sub-editor's room to the printing-office, begging for copy, or bringing slips for revision. This printer is a very important personage. Usually a superior man, he has worked his way from the position of a printer's boy, to the one he now holds, by industry and ingenuity; and he has seen several generations of editors and sub-editors arrive and disappear, one after the other. His experience of matters in detail is far greater than that of any other person in the establishment, and his advice is always listened to with respect. It is curious, sometimes, to see the way in which he will receive instructions about things in which long habit has enabled him at once to see the method which ought to be pursued: his mode of suggesting is very peculiar. Always accustomed to obey orders, he has, even in his own department, an indecisive way with him



when in the presence of authority, and always asks questions in cases where he certainly ought himself to be able to give the best answer.

Hitherto the business has proceeded in the most quiet and orderly fashion. But there is one noisy place in the establishment—the reporters' room. Here these gentlemen assemble, after their turns in the house, to arrange their reports for the printer. One after another they drop in, with some joke out of the last speech—contretemps of a new member—or some blunder in the lobby. They meet in their daily experience with so much to laugh at, that it is no wonder if a certain air of quizzification runs through their conversation. The different pieces of writing or criticism which each has prepared for the paper, form an endless fund for fun. Every blunder, every piece of eloquence or absurdity, is a licensed subject for satire. He has a good deal to do, the Parliamentary reporter. During the sitting of the house, his duties are very heavy; and at other times he is not suffered to be idle: he has books to review, theatres to attend, and, during the recess, to run after the Queen into Scotland, or after the Archduke John into Frankfort—perhaps after Queen Pomare into Otaheite. In consequence, he is well paid, and usually a man of very general information, who has always something to say worth attending to, if he can be persuaded to say it.

Much in the excellence of a Parliamentary report depends upon accident. Some men are peculiarly happy in taking down speeches of a particular character. Such a speaker as Mr. Disraeli depends particularly on the reporter to whom he falls. A man who would make an excellent report of one of Sir R. Peel's arguments, would interpret Mr. Disraeli's sarcasms very tamely. It is always considered great good luck if any speaker falls to the turn of the reporter best adapted to his style. There is generally one such for each of our leading members.

But we are forgetting our history. All this while the editor is in his room, or paying visits to that of the sub-editor, to learn what foreign news of importance has arrived, or if there is any domestic intelligence necessary to be noticed. He takes up the dispatches he requires, and returns to his chair. Here he examines, as they arrive, the leaders for the next paper, and gives them, by due correction, the air of unity and consistency, which is of so much importance to the character of any single publication. This is one of the most important of an editor's duties. If we consider the number of different writers engaged to fill one newspaper, it is really surprising that there should be, as a general rule, so little irregularity.

Meanwhile the news begins to overflow. Even the most experienced men are sure to allow too little space for contingent information. Matter already in type is obliged to be thrown out. Other things are put aside for the next publication. Orders are sent down to the reporters' room to condense. This, if the reports are important, is a troublesome affair, and is sure to sober the party. On other occasions, the message is very welcome, as it saves much trouble in writing out the speeches.

The editor has sent the leaders to the printer, read and corrected his slips, and the general intelligence has in great part arrived. The paper begins to assume a definite shape. In former days, when the arrival of the express-

es was uncertain, the latter part of the evening was a time of anxiety and excitement. Often a missive, which, in procuring and transmitting, cost several hundred pounds, would arrive too late for insertion by about half an hour, after having kept the whole office in a state of fever, and disordered all its arrangements. Sometimes the negligence of one man, out of the many employed—and very often, it was stated, the artifices of a rival—would render the most enormous sacrifices worse than useless; for if one paper professed to obtain intelligence given by the rest, and then failed of its promise, the positive injury was very great. Frequently, even when obtained, the information of the dispatch was brief in the extreme. Comparing the length with the cost, an express has been known to cost twenty pounds a line!

Those magical words, "our own express," have lately much altered in their signification. The expensive era of expresses was not a long one. The first instance, on the grand scale, was, we believe, at Lord Grey's famous Edinburgh dinner; the transmission of the report cost £500. The reporters wrote in their chaises all the way to Carlisle; relays of mounted messengers were established all along the road; the reports were locked up in a box, of which a second key was in London; and the affair was printed in a space of time in those days incredibly short. The precedent thus established, was followed out on a scale almost ruinous to some of the papers; the daily express from Paris commonly cost £20 in transmission, and very often much more. The Indian express, till the papers coalesced, cost each of them between £400 and £600. Now, as we have stated already, the railroads have put an end to the system: "our own express" means nothing but the forwarding of a parcel by the first train, secured by a small douceur to the officials of the railroad and post-office. The newspaper editor has reason to rejoice at the alteration, who used to be worried to death by the expectation of important intelligence, and the necessity of arranging for its reception. Little of all this exists now. About one o'clock, the editor, under present arrangements, begins to feel that he has done his duty. In former days, he was frequently detained till four.

No one, at last, remains but the sub-editor. His is now the troublesome task of "making up" the paper—deciding the precise way in which it is to be filled, and rejecting much for which he has no room. The printer, having received his last instructions on this head, is left to his own resources.

The last form ought to be locked up by four o'clock. All is now work and silence, as thousand after thousand of the copies is struck off from the steam-press. The early edition has to be ready for delivery at five, so as to insure its arrival at the railway stations by six. The railways are always the first supplied, from the necessity of the case. Of the succeeding deliveries of the paper, the news-men, during times of excitement, and even in ordinary times, with some papers, find often the greatest difficulty in securing the quantity they require. For the purpose of obviating this difficulty, and obtaining early copies, some of these people have even taken the trouble of establishing an office at the first station out of town;—the early supply is sent there, as a matter of course, amongst the railway deliveries, and is then taken back to the newsman's office in Lon-

don. In this way the newsmen are certain of their copies—at any rate, of the first edition,—to supply the earliest and the most importunate of their town customers.—*The (London) Atlas*.

### Magaſiniana.

On the principle that a man is benefited by the study of what runs counter to his usual tastes and habits of thinking, the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* may be perused with profit by a very large circle of readers. It is antagonistic to the settled opinions of the world, particularly on religious subjects; but there is a sharp vigor, albeit of self-conceit, in many of its articles, which gives a fillip to the mind. The article of the number for March is upon Emerson, and written, we presume, by Theodore Parker. It is highly eulogistic in parts, and sufficiently discriminating in other pages to upset some of its previous laudation. It is gratifying to perceive that men who dispute the reverence due to Saints and Apostles have so much of it for one another. The new school boggles at Paul and Peter, and is on its knees to Emerson! An attempt is made to make him out a Christian (the question is raised by the writer), though "he sets little value on the mythology of the Christian sects, no more perhaps than on the mythology of the Greeks and the Scandinavians," and though, as we are told, "Jesus or Judas were the same to him, if either stood in his way." But enough of this—too much, alas!

For a passage or two of a quotable character, take

#### TWO KINDS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"American literature may be distributed into two grand divisions; namely, the permanent literature, consisting of books not written for a special occasion, books which are bound between hard covers; and the transient literature, written for some special occasion, and not designed to last beyond that. Our permanent literature is almost wholly an imitation of old models. The substance is old, and the form old. There is nothing American about it. But as our writers are commonly quite deficient in literary culture and scientific discipline, their productions seem poor when compared with the imitative portion of the permanent literature in older countries, where the writers start with a better discipline and a better acquaintance with letters and art. This inferiority of culture is one of the misfortunes incident to a new country, especially to one where practical talent is so much and so justly preferred to merely literary accomplishment and skill. This lack of culture is yet more apparent, in general, in the transient literature, which is produced mainly by men who have had few advantages for intellectual discipline in early life, and few to make acquaintance with books at a later period. That portion of our literature is commonly stronger and more American, but it is often coarse and rude. The permanent literature is imitative; the other is rowdy."

#### WHO IS HE?

"The salutary effect of literary culture is more perceptible in Emerson than in any American that we know, save one, a far younger man, and of great promise, of whom we shall speak at some other time."

#### USE OF BOOKS.

"Mr. Emerson says books are only for one's idle hours; he discourages hard and continuous thought, conscious modes of argument, of discipline. Here he exaggerates his idiosyncrasy into a universal law. The method of nature is not ecstasy, but patient attention. Human nature avenges herself for the slight he puts on her, by the irregular and rambling character of his own productions. The vice appears more glaring in the



Emersonian, who have all the agony without the inspiration; who affect the unconscious; write even more ridiculous nonsense than their 'genius' requires; are sometimes so child-like as to become mere babies, and seem to forget that the unconscious state is oftener below the conscious than above it, and that there is an ecstasy of folly as well as of good sense.

"Some of these imbeciles have been led astray by this extravagant and one-sided statement. What if books have hurt Mr. Oldbuck, and many fine wits lie 'sheathed to the hilt in ponderous tomes,' sheathed and rusted in so that no Orson could draw the blade,—we need not deny the real value of books, still less the value of the serious and patient study of thoughts and things. Michael Angelo and Newton had some genius; Socrates is thought not destitute of philosophical power; but no dauber of canvas, no sportsman with marble, ever worked like Angelo; the two philosophers wrought by their genius, but with an attention, an order, a diligence, and a terrible industry and method of thought, without which their genius would have ended in nothing but guesswork. Much comes by spontaneous intuition, which is to be got in no other way; but much is to precede that, and much to follow it. There are two things to be considered in the matter of inspiration, one is the Infinite God from whom it comes, the other the finite capacity which is to receive it. If Newton had never studied, it would be as easy for God to reveal the calculus to his dog Diamond as to Newton. We once heard of a man who thought everything was in the soul, and so gave up all reading, all continuous thought. Said another, 'if all is in the soul, it takes a man to find it.'"

### Poetry.

#### SONG TO A MAIDEN'S HAIR.

[By Rhys ab Rhicert, a Welsh Poet of the 14th century; from "The Literature of the Kynry, by Thomas Stephens." Just published in London.]

"On the head of Gwen there's a growth of loveliest hue,  
Loose, flowing, and worthy of a countess;  
It hangs down to her heels,  
As a flaxen bush,—wine-colored and willow-like;  
(How) beautiful are the long golden ringlets  
Drooping from the temples of a lovely woman!  
Her forehead is smooth, clear, and as purely white  
As the spray of waters dashing over rugged rocks;  
And it is encircled by a broad band of precious gold.  
Beneath the tall and glistening white veil,  
(Peep out) two tender eyes, joyous and cheerful,  
Two stars of love gladdening to the sight,  
In the head of the elegantly formed, second Lunette;  
Her cheeks were redder than the red wine of raspberries;  
As the color of wild roses in the leafy woods,  
Is the coral hue of her buoyant health.  
Between two cheeks  
Of splendid tint  
(Rises) a neat sharp nose  
Of small proportions;  
A mouth distilling honey  
Belonged to the silent fair,  
And an elegant lip of the lovely hue of coral;  
Small teeth, and an expression of shrewd vivacity,  
Were evident in the mouth of the witty Gwen;  
And her small round chin appeared as wonderful,  
As mountain peaks seen by day, when wrapt in gowns of snow.  
Her neck as whitely shone

\* "Lunette, or Luned, is a character well known to readers of romances. She is thus described in the *Lady of the Fountain*:—"He beheld a maiden with yellow curling hair, and a frontlet of gold on her head; and she was clad in a dress of yellow satin, and on her feet were shoes of variegated leather."—*Mabinogion*, vol. i. p. 33.

As the spray of the ocean wave;  
And two budding heights  
Revealed through whitest linen,  
Form the beautiful bust  
Of my gentle fair;  
Whose charms, second only to Enid,  
Will, if compared,  
Appear in propriety, purity, and comeliness.  
The maid is fair, reserved, and so light and nimble,  
That the smallest trefoils bend not beneath her.  
Swan! sea-mew! lovely is her pure aspect,  
Slight, straight, sprightly, and handsome.  
Her hands are white,  
And her slender fingers  
Swiftly move  
While weaving silk;  
And her nails  
Are ruddy tinted.  
Skillful and alert she waits at the wine feast.  
My becoming charmer is slender and tall,  
Having a pretty, small waist, and an erect form,  
Short round shanks,  
And a round white leg.  
With (chaste maid!) a foot of faultless outline.  
If there were given to me the power to dispose—  
Of the world's wealth, the white maid should have it all,  
For one hour, fair one of passing beauty,  
On a green sward, in the arms of Gwenhwyf."

### Correspondence.

BUFFALO, March 4, 1850.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—To the literary portion of our community the past winter has been a gala season. The usual course of lectures before the Young Men's Association, which is drawing to a close, has been of a higher order than previous ones, and of an exceedingly interesting character. Among the gentlemen from abroad who have entertained us are Hon. Horace Mann, W. H. C. Hosmer, Esq., Hon. H. Greeley, Professor Hopkins of Williams College, Rev. Dr. Cheever, and Elihu Burritt.

R. H. Dana gave eight lectures on Shakespeare in the month of January, which were very fully attended and gave great satisfaction, except to a few of the auditory, who, unfortunately, cannot distinguish between pathos and bathos, a river of golden thought and a cloud of frothy and inflated sentimentalities. One or two of our sub-editors stultified themselves by exposing their inability to appreciate the beauties of these profound disquisitions.

Mr. W. J. Wilgus, a young painter of this city not unknown to the artists of yours, has lately taken the portrait of an Indian chief, residing on the Reservation, a few miles from Buffalo. As a painter of heads, Mr. W. is scarcely excelled in the country: indeed, Mr. Morse, the "Telegraph Man," with whom he studied four or five years ago, thought he had in that department no superior.

We have two other portrait painters, Messrs. Nimbs and Le Clear, who are industrious, persevering, and promising young artists. Both, I believe, are doing well.

The Annual Commencement of the Medical University of Buffalo occurred on the 27th ult. The degree of M.D. was conferred on twenty-seven students. This is about double the number of graduates last year, and indicates—what is a fact—that this institution is rapidly increasing in popularity.

Messrs. Phinney & Co. are at present engaged in getting out new editions of their long published works. The Corner Stone, The Way to Do Good, and the Young Christian—all by Jacob Abbott—are passing through the press. This new house—new in Buffalo—is evidently doing a thrifty business. The machinery in the publishing department of their establishment embraces all the late improvements, and works admirably. Their issues look well.

Messrs. Geo. H. Derby & Co. have just issued

a second edition of the History of the Holland Purchase. Measures are being taken to introduce this useful work into the District Schools throughout the State, it having the approbation of the State Superintendent.

This house will publish, this week, the Lives of James Madison and James Monroe, by John Quincy Adams. It is a 12mo. volume of 430 pages, beautifully printed, with new steel portraits of the subjects, and bound in a very tasty style—devoid of gingerbread.

A new and pretty edition of Moore's Lalla Rookh, a fac-simile of Longman's London edition, will be published by this house the first of next month. It will be one of the best editions in the market.

The same house will issue, about the first of May, Noble Deeds of Woman, an English work *Americanized*. About a hundred and fifty pages of the original edition, published by Bohn, in 1848, will be thrown out, and a greater quantity of matter, mostly pertaining to the women of our own country, will be substituted. The work will be illustrated, and appear in the best style. Mrs. Sigourney will write an introduction.

I have only to add that "gentle Spring" is here according to the almanac—but she evidently forgot to bring her "ethereal mildness." Possibly, however, it may be along before the first of next June, though the signs, at present, are against it.

Yours, &c. J. C.

AUBURN, Feb. 26, 1850.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

A supplement to the letter from Auburn, in your issue of the 11th inst., seems proper. That communication is good so far as it goes; but the writer betrays a want of familiarity with the publications of the enterprising establishment of James M. Alden. Three volumes only were mentioned as in press by him; and one of them—*Temperance Tales*—was published three years since, and out of print, instead of being now in press.

Mr. Alden has already published a long list of volumes: among which are—*A Political History of New York*, *Life of Silas Wright*, *Letters of J. Q. Adams*, *Christian Revelation*, *Discussion of Universalism*, by Holmes and Austin, and various elegant miniatures of Standard Works; also a *Review of the Mexican War*, by C. T. Porter, a member of the Rochester Bar. This book is, perhaps, the most impartial one on the subject, and is destined to enjoy a high consideration, when the reviews of the war, of a greater and more partisan popularity, have ceased to excite attention.

The United States Exploring Expeditions is entirely rewritten, abridged to one volume octavo, and elegantly illustrated with engravings by Orr and Richardson. It supplies a great desideratum—the work now being in a shape for the people—and it will command a wide sale. The appearance of the volume would be creditable to any publishing house in this country. The *Life of James K. Polk*, now in preparation, is from the same hand.

Mr. Alden will also publish on the 20th March, a book of 200 pages, entitled "*Poems by H. W. Parker.*"

From the proof-sheets, it appears the first poem, a long one, is a comico-serio-*escent* description of nearly all our living poets and poetesses, in military imagery. The entire poetic force of the land is summoned forth, at the tap of the drum, to do battle for certain ideas. Here is Willis:—

"Willis, next, upon a subtle pacer,  
Glides along as fast as any racer;  
On his Shield is many a bright device;  
Feathers of the Bird of Paradise  
Flunt adown his helmet for a plume;  
Gayest in the field and drawing-room,  
He has won, and he can wield in war  
That same fabled Eastern Scimitar  
Magic-tempered, and of edge so keen,  
It will cleave a foe, unfelt, unseen!"

Lowell, Holmes, Street, Hoffman, Taylor, and many others, are also appropriately equipped and



mounted. Among the poetesses, Grace Greenwood is thus masqueraded :—

"Next, with visor down, is 'Greenwood' Clarke;  
Forth she rides a Joan brave of Arc;  
Clad in ringing mail from head to heel,  
Like her sword her nerves are finest steel;  
On her mettled charger best at home,  
Well she loves him for his fire and foam,  
Dares the battle-front, the stormy siege,  
And to self alone she lives in siege," &c.

The moral of the poem is evidently conveyed in the following, among other lines that picture the poet's golden age :—

"When the world shall be as we would have it;  
Then shall custom never more enslave it;  
Thinkers shall be rich, and wooden men  
Hew the wood and draw the water, then!  
Kindred souls will always find each other;  
All acknowledge Nature as our mother;  
Truth to her and self will ne'er be treason,  
Romance will be held the truest reason;  
Visions will be true, and fancies, fact;  
And the world be free in speech and act."

The whole poem seems to be prefatory, and betrays marks of haste, compared with the ensuing poems, which, however, are characterized by a certain singularity that will make the volume something of a venture.

None too much credit was awarded, by your last week's correspondent, to Messrs. Derby, Miller & Co. Any further notice of their extensive arrangements, their publications, and unusually neat and perfect establishment, is anticipated. It is a noteworthy fact that there are already more books published in this place than in any other city of the State, out of your metropolis. Auburn is even now the Berlin of our inland cities.

Yours, &c.,

W. R. B.

## Musir.

### OPERA HOUSE.

THE season at this establishment finally closed on Thursday evening, when a complimentary benefit was given to M. Maretzek by the committee of subscribers, assisted by other committees, anxious to show their good feeling to one who has proved himself uniformly generous to all who could in any way benefit by his talents. The daily journals have fully reported upon the proceedings of the evening; we shall not therefore enter into details, further than to state it was an occasion of great interest to a well-filled house, and formed a proper close to a series of many months' exertions on the part of the energetic manager. The performance was Don Giovanni; and at the fall of the curtain M. Maretzek made a few appropriate remarks upon the difficulties he had encountered, and his hopes that they had been satisfactorily overcome; and amidst the diversities of opinion on the much vexed question of the opera management, we believe all parties agree that M. Maretzek has done the best that could be done, and done it better than any other person who might have been appointed. Those cavillers against the past season should recollect that an established opera is but a novelty in this city, and but for the hearty exertions of this gentleman it could barely be considered as "established" at all; they should remember that it is a matter, of all others, requiring experience and judgment on the part of the manager and those who second him, and requiring, moreover, great liberality on the part of the subscribers; those who pass strictures on "second class" artists should remember this, and not expect to find singers giving their notes for dollars on this side of the Atlantic, when they can bring guineas on the other. A few years' experience may show those persons, that the best singing is not to be had for a few shillings, and they may perhaps find the prices they now

complain of very reasonably increased to double their present amount. Liberality in musical matters does not yet characterize us, as witness the poor attendance on most of the benefit nights of the season. The utmost that can be expected in an opera here is, a company of good musicians, not stars, persons who respect their art, and are capable of performing what they undertake, carefully and conscientiously. By this means only, good and equal performances are to be secured; and it must be owned in this respect the past season has been an earnest for the future; several of the operas given having been really admirably played. M. Maretzek has had a great deal to contend against and struggle with all through the winter; but he has been energetic and persevering, as none but a musician would have been; his heart was in his undertaking, and therefore he has succeeded, when one less warmly interested would have been tempted to resign. Unfortunately, the present state of opera-taste in this city demands a series of dramatic novelties, rather than a few well-brought-out operas, which the public would be pleased to hear again and again. This latter is the case in all the best establishments in Europe, where the whole time and expense of the management are spent upon the production of a few operas, which, well given, are enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic musical audience. They love music, therefore they enjoy to listen to the same a hundred times, and all that is worth listening to only improves upon acquaintance. But here, where the music is only half understood, and the language, perhaps, not at all, there arises a constant desire for something new, because "We have seen that, and now we want something else!" There is no remedy for this, we fear, but time, which, by enlarging the number of the truly musical, must remove this, with other evils. Meanwhile, let us hope the close of each coming season may leave us as little to complain of as we have this year; no disappointments, no broken promises to grumble at; and we sincerely trust M. Maretzek himself may be no serious loser by his arrangements.

### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

We have to notice two or three works published by Oliver Ditson, of Boston. A new and revised edition of Bertini's admirable "Method for the Piano." We are glad to see this work in demand, as it is one of those sound, judicious works of instruction that do more towards making good players than all the masters in the world. Were lessons of this kind faithfully studied by young pianists, we should have less of those inefficient attempts at performance, and more sure and brilliant playing than we see at present. All who desire to form a good tone and ready fingers, will do well to turn to Bertini's method, already well known as the labor of a good musician.

From the same publisher we have "The Child's First Music Book," by J. Craven,—a simple collection of easy airs, arranged to interest young learners; also "Instructions for the Seraphine and Melodeon, by J. Greene, with a selection of Airs and Voluntaries," by Edw. L. White," both well adapted to their purpose.

We must likewise notice "The National Glee Book,"—a good collection of ancient and modern Glee, Madrigals, Catches, Rounds, &c., arranged for the use of singing societies, &c. Any publication of this kind must be welcomed, as showing a taste in the public for that most delightful branch of music, glee singing, and as tending also to enlarge the number of those who already enjoy it. To many societies this work will be amusing and interesting.

## Facts and Opinions.

It is surprising how few of our statesmen or public speakers see the individual in the masses, or recognise the absolute moral bearings of a question in its relation to the social state of the world. Mr. WEBSTER does perceive all this, and it lends not only present conviction, but perpetuity to his speeches. In his last speech on the Union question he described a very common infirmity of judgment:—"There are men who are of opinion that human duties may be ascertained with the precision of mathematics. They deal with morals as with mathematics, and they think that what is right may be distinguished from what is wrong with all the precision of an algebraic equation. They have, therefore, none too much charity towards others who differ from them. They are apt to think that nothing is good but what is perfectly good; that there are no compromises or modifications to be made in submission to difference of opinion, or in deference to other men's judgment. If their perspicacious vision enables them to detect a spot on the face of the sun, they think that a good reason why the sun should be struck down from heaven. They prefer the chance of running into utter darkness, to living in heavenly light, if that heavenly light is to be not absolutely without any imperfection." We commend the close to Mr. Carlyle as a substitute for his jargon of "Anarchy + Street Constable:—"It is a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by legislation, law, and judicature, defended by the holy affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these States together; no iron chain of despotic power encircles them; they live and stand upon a government, popular in its form, representative in its character, founded on principles of equality, calculated to last, we hope, for ever. In all its history it has been beneficent. It has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State; it has been in all its influence benevolent and beneficent—promotive of the general prosperity, the general glory, and the general renown. And at last it has received a vast addition of territory. It was large before; it has now become vastly larger. This republic now stands with a vast breadth across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We may realize the description of the ornamental edging on the buckler of Achilles:—

"Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned  
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;  
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,  
And bent the buckler verge, and bound the whole."

At a late meeting of the London Metropolitan Association, Mr. Charles Dickens was one of the speakers. He said—"It was a common figure of speech, whenever anything important was left out of any great scheme, to say it was the tragedy of 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet left out; but the existence of a public health act, with the metropolis excluded from its operation, suggested to him something even more sad, and that was a representation of the tragedy of 'Hamlet' with nothing in it but the gravedigger." The other speakers were the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Ashley, &c.

For the first time since the Restoration, says the Manchester Courier, the bells of the cathedral omitted to ring a muffled peal on the anniversary of the Martyrdom of King Charles. The omission, we understand, took place by the express orders of our reforming churchwardens.

The North Wales Chronicle, under the heading, "The Brynmawr Robbery, near Beaumaris," records this odd method of returning stolen goods: "Wednesday night last, as Mrs. Rowlands was in the act of putting her child to bed, something which she took to be a stone came in with a crash through the window, and so alarmed her that she fainted away. On re-



covering herself she discovered in the cause of alarm twenty-nine of the recently stolen sovereigns, wrapped up in a piece of the *Times* newspaper. The following morning the husband discovered under the same window six other sovereigns wrapped up in a piece of the same paper."

The following odd advertisement is in *Bell's Life in London*:—SPORT FOR LADIES.—The Duchess of A. bets the Countess of B. that she will drive to thirty different shops and purchase fifty different articles; choose twenty several patterns, eat two ices and a jelly; make a dozen calls, and pick up a story at each; dress and go to the Opera, in seven hours fifty-nine minutes.

An office for the sale of German titles of honor, says Mrs. Loudon's *Ladies' Companion*, is now open at Paris. A knightship may be had for 5,000 francs, a countship for 20,000, and a marquise for 40,000.

"There are," says the *Mass. Quart. Review*, "215,926 children in Massachusetts between 4 and 16, the mean average attendance upon school is 134,734, or a little more than 62 per cent. of all the children in the State. It costs \$336,070.69 to pay the teachers, and \$35,281.64 for the fuel in the schools, and the board of the teachers. The county of Suffolk raises annually by taxes \$10.32 for each child between 4 and 16, and the county of Berkshire only \$1.96. Boston pays \$10.65 for each child, and Salem only \$4.28! There are two towns which pay only \$1.25 a year for the education of each child in the town. These are the names; Savoy and Ashfield Warwick pay \$1.25 and 8 mills."

The Legislature of Tennessee, which has just adjourned, passed an act incorporating a Society lately established at Nashville for the collection of facts, documents, and materials, relating to the Natural, Civil, and Aboriginal History of the State of Tennessee. The *Banner* of the 13th inst. says: "We know of no Society which has made more rapid advances in public favor in so short a period than this; and it will not be long, judging from the past, before it will rival in the importance of the results achieved by it, some of the Societies now in successful operation in the older States."

An excellent claret is now manufactured in Texas from the Mustang grape. As many as five barrels have been made upon a single plantation. The spontaneous production of this grape of Texas exceeds all belief. Thousands of hogsheads of wine, nowise inferior to French Claret, could be manufactured every year from this hardy native grape.

An American artist at Florence, whose letter is published in the *Evening Post*, says:—"I am now trying to get a place at the Madonna della Seggiola, by buying out an Italian, in which I hope to succeed. To wait for my regular turn would take several years yet, as the Italians manage to keep the picture entirely in their own hands, forcing any foreigner who may desire to copy it, to pay as much for the chance as they often get for their copy. In this way, too, they manage to monopolize all the best pictures. Just now it is too cold to attempt anything at the galleries, but as soon as the weather is milder, I mean to see if I can't get to windward of some of the signors. There are many copies of this picture now in the market here, but none that come up to my ideas of the original. The Italian copyists, like the French, seem to forget, if they ever felt, that there is anything else in a picture than *paint*, and as to any effort to preserve the spirit and sentiment of an original work, it seems to be altogether out of their reckoning or ideas."

The same letter furnishes this picturesque street incident:—"The other day I had my sympathies aroused as I crossed the plaza Gran-Duca, by a mournful-looking procession. A miserably rickety old go-cart of a hack, drawn by two a little over half-starved nags, who each seemed trying to get away from his fellow-vic-

tim, or else seeking the house sides to rest against, formed the principal object. On the box sat a forlorn-looking urchin, in, to all appearance, his great-grandfather's hat and coat, lashing away with the last remnants of what had been once a whip, while by his side reposed a great over-fed bewhiskered man of war, on either side a platoon of soldiers with set bayonets—within I could see the red galloon and cotton embellishments of other warlike individuals, and in the back seat, to my imagination, some poor victim—perhaps, thought I, some modern Strafford or Russell, going to his gloomy dungeon—at least, some pickpocket on a large scale, dragged to meet his reward. I ventured to ask a question. It was the judge of the sessions of some petty court, escorted to his woolsack."

Another American artist, writing from Rome, Jan. 6, says, in the *Post*:—"I can give you but little artistic news from Rome. A Prussian painter, Kaselowsky, has just finished a large painting of much merit. The subject is the Judgment of Daniel in the case of Susannah and the Elders. It is ably treated. The composition is fine, the story well told, and the coloring good. It has been painted for the King of Prussia. The German artists are about opening an exhibition at their club-rooms. I had a view of their pictures when they were hanging. There were some fine aquarelles by Werner, but not much else of merit. We have no new American artists in Rome this winter. Freeman is working away at his Muses yet, but does not show it. The last picture I have finished, I consider the best I have done. It will not go to the United States. I am now finishing a composition of about twenty figures—a Columbus. Since the French entered Rome, I have found it much more favorable for painting than it had been for two years previous; when, with all the agitations and excitements caused by the revolutions around, it was impossible to concentrate one's attention sufficiently to do anything requiring study."

An English correspondent of the Boston Museum, resident at Spencer, in Massachusetts, says he was born and bred within a stone's throw of the early home and residence of Miss Bronte, authoress of "*Jane Eyre*." Her father is rector of Haworth (the "Brierfield" of "*Shirley*,") and the writer says he was christened by him. Miss Bronte, who has made a noise in the literary world hardly equalled by that which attended the publication of Miss Burney's "*Evelina*," is said to be "quite young, about twenty-eight."

"The people of Edinburgh," writes the foreign correspondent of the *Boston Post*, "are a quiet, thinking, literary people. Here is a university having a large corps of most eminent professors and over 1300 students. Old Christopher North, daily at 'high twelve,' gives a lecture on moral philosophy. The distinguished Sir William Hamilton, the most eminent literary man of the age, is daily driven in his carriage to the university, and lectures to his large class. A few years ago, paralysis entirely deprived him of the use of his right side. He has partially recovered. I called on him the other day, without an introduction, to make one or two inquiries respecting the university. He received me most kindly, and paid some very handsome compliments to America and her eminent scholars. Says he, 'in divinity you are far ahead of us. We have no such men as Moses Stuart or Dr. Wayland.' Says he, 'you are a very remarkable people, and are destined to be the first nation in the world.' One is surprised on visiting Great Britain to find that many of those men who are best known among us have very little influence here. Others, who are the first scholars, and most eminent men in the kingdom, are scarcely known in America, except to a few."

"Jeffrey," says the *London Spectator*, "who, as responsible editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was oftener named than his fellows beyond the immediate precincts of 'Auld Reekie,' was the

most dazzling and attractive, and, notwithstanding the exaggerated notions long entertained of his critical severity, the most lovable of the circle, with perhaps the exceptions of Murray and Cockburn. If not exactly a man of original genius, he approached more nearly than any of the rest to that character. He was not of the very highest order as a critic, a philosopher, a politician, or an orator; but in all these capacities he stood far above the level of average men. The most distinguishing feature of Jeffrey's mind was his fertile and incessant play of fancy. This peculiarity is recognised even by literary men who knew him only through his brilliant articles in the *Review*; but to those who have heard him converse in private or address a general audience, the exuberant and incessant succession of similes and illustrations that flowed upon him was astonishing. They seemed to rise up in his mind simultaneously, like the stream of bubbles that rush up from the bottom of a glass of champagne; and yet he exercised the most perfect mastery over them all, making each find its proper place in his sentence, and throw light upon and enhance the piquancy of the others."

"The well-known M. Ratisbonne," the Popish preacher in France, "has," says a foreign journal, "created a tremendous commotion at Lisieux, by preaching what is called a socialist sermon, or rather a sermon in which he sternly rebuked the wealthy for their callous indifference to the poor (a rebuke richly wanted in this country), and menaced them with terrible vengeance at the coming revolution. This M. Ratisbonne, by the way, is one of the itinerant preaching clergy constantly employed here, and a marvellous story is related of him too. He was a Jew by birth and education, and, it is said, happened to stray one day into a church at Rome, where he was much struck by a picture of the Virgin. As he was gazing at it, a column of light suddenly issued from the picture, and the Virgin, *in propria persona*, stepped forward, and condemned his Jewish disbelief, and ordered him to conform to Christianity. Thereupon Ratisbonne fell on his knees, and remained for some time entranced; and when he returned to consciousness the vision had departed. He hastened back to Paris a converted man—made over to the church a great part of his fortune, which was considerable—obtained permission to enter a seminary, and, after going through the usual course of study, was ordained—since which, being gifted with eloquence, he has been employed as a travelling preacher. This absurd story of his conversion is impudently palmed off on the public—accounts of it are printed with the sanction of the bishops—and cheap engravings representing it are spread about by thousands. Consequently, wherever he goes, Ratisbonne is a 'lion,' and to see and hear him churches are thronged by the gaping multitude with almost as much interest as would be manifested to see Van Amburgh or Rachel."

### Publishers' Circular.

TO ADVERTISERS.—To facilitate an early publication in the week of the *Literary World*, and its transmission by the day of publication in New York to the chief Atlantic Cities (an object desirable to advertisers), we would again urge upon our Advertising friends the necessity of an early forwarding of their Advertisements. Where practicable, advertisements should be sent to the office of the *Literary World* by Saturday, for the paper of the next week. They will be received, however, till Monday, at 4 o'clock. As this is a measure which has been often urged upon us by our Advertisers, especially out of the city, we trust that they will all favor our good intentions in this step, which must result in increased efficiency to the circulation of the *Literary World*.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCIS & Co. have in press a new edition of the *Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. Studies in Christian Biography; or, Hours with Theologians and the Reformers, by the Rev. Samuel Osgood, is announced by Francis & Co.



TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS are preparing for publication a reprint of the 1st and 2d series of the "Guesses at Truth," by the Brothers Hare.

CROSBY & NICHOLS have in press "Chronicles of the Stock Exchange," by John Francis McCulloch's "Essays on Interest and the Usury Laws," "Communion Thoughts," by J. G. Bulfinch. "Thoughts and Opinions of a Statesman," being extracts from the Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt.

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BARTLETT (Cambridge) has in press Stockhardt's Elementary Chemistry, translated from the third German edition.

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